

## Dip You In Honey

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## Dip You In Honey

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### Summary

Dream leaves the teacher in the bathroom with a damaged ego and a woeful expression falling over his face as it dawns upon his pretty little mind that not everyone likes him. And Dream should feel bad; he knows this. But if it were so wrong to reprimand George, why did it feel so right?

—

or, Dream comes face-to-face with the consequences of his jealousy for the pretty photography teacher in room thirty-four.

# Chapter 1

## Chapter Notes

hi !! millie here just to say that this has been the best experience of my writing ever.

venus and i have worked for super super hard to bring you all this content and i hope you enjoy it just as much as i enjoyed writing this. and if you like the first chapter you'll love the second one just as much :3

as always, enjoy reading my chapter !!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream is a jealous person — he always has been.

It's his need to be recognized, be the best, and never the second option that's made him this way. When he's not, green fire flares underneath his skin in a way that's excruciatingly painful for anyone around him to endure. He can be ruthless, willing to do anything to be the best at whatever it is he wants — even if that means hurting someone in the long run. And for as long as Dream can remember, it's always been this way.

Like this one time in high school when Dream was almost valedictorian — almost.

He had sworn up and down and placed bets with his friends that he would be it. But when the day came, and it was announced that Dream was deemed salutatorian, all hell broke loose — only quietly, though, and only for Dream.

His skin had burned with a vicious bite every time he looked in the direction of the girl who won that high-status title over him. He had *wanted* that title written in cursive on his gravestone, so he tried everything to manipulate her grade point average. Nothing ever worked; it was too close to the end of the semester to do anything about it, so all he could do was sulk in silence.

There had also been a situation when Dream played football.

His friend—Seth—got football captain over him. And though Dream did congratulate Seth for gaining that title, it didn't stop him from tackling him during one of their practices, leaving Seth with a broken foot. Seth couldn't play for the rest of the season, so his coach deemed Dream captain of the team.

Dream did apologize to Seth eventually, even if he didn't mean any of his words.

Jealousy isn't the best look on him—Dream knows this from experience—but he can't control it. He can't control how the green flames rake over his body and burn him alive. It's something he can't help, something he has to live with for the rest of his measly life. But when Dream applied to be a theatre teacher, he genuinely thought that having a position of power over so many students would lessen the green fire. But it didn't. Instead, the flames turned into a full-fledged forest fire. And it's all because of one person.

George Davidson—the pretty photography teacher from room thirty-four who Dream absolutely loathes—ignites every nerve in Dream's body with quiet rage that rumbles steadily. It's like this

for the pure fact that George has what Dream so desperately wants.

George has recognition and power—he has so much power—over everyone. He’s someone nobody can say no to; with the way he bats his eyelashes and pulls those stupid puppy dog eyes, how can they? It makes Dream seize up with pure hatred. George is stupidly annoying, never knows when to shut up. He’s pushy, tyrannic, unprofessional, and worst of all, he’s so goddamn persistent.

“Hi, Clay!”

The use of his real name dripping from George’s honey-combed voice has Dream wallowing in despair, gripping the handle of the teacher’s lounge as he closes the door with a short *click*. His eyes find the small figure of the teacher standing in front of the coffee pot.

“Would you like some coffee?” George’s voice sounds like the shrill of summer, dipped in golden honey; it’s the only way to describe it. “I made too much.”

Dream walks over to the refrigerator, burning jealous holes into the back of George’s head the entire journey. George’s fingers are daintily curled around the length of a silver spoon, lazily stirring the coffee in his cup with gentle strokes. *Why does he have to be in here right now?* He’s only making things substantially worse for Dream.

“No,” he says, possibly laced with more irritation than before, “I don’t.” Dream grips the handle of the fridge, the clicking of metal on metal from his rings scraping up against the cast-iron makes a shiver run down his spine.

A flush of cold air rushes from the confinements of the box, settling on his skin with a chilling effect as he leans down and reaches for his lunch, a sandwich, and a monster energy drink.

Dream can feel the thick tension that scatters the room like flies, but he doesn’t do anything to help the cause, frankly doesn’t care. He closes the refrigerator door, the magnet pulling it shut, before shuffling to the microwave, which, unfortunately for Dream, is closer to George than he’s comfortable with.

“Okay,” George says softly, drawn-out with a light accent, “Well, do you have any plans for the rest of the semester?”

*Why does he talk so much?*

Grunting, Dream unwraps his sandwich and places it in the microwave. “My class has to put on a play for the end of the year, so I’ll probably take them to see a drama.” He presses start.

“Oh, cool!”

There’s a beat of silence, the only sound penetrating through the tension being the soft buzzing of the microwave. Dream prefers it when George isn’t talking. At least then, he doesn’t want to smash his head against the wall until he can feel blood trickling from his eardrums.

George takes a sip of his coffee. “Maybe my class can take pictures of your play when you guys put it on?”

“Yeah,” Dream says, rolling his eyes, “Do what you want.”

The microwave goes off.

“Well, if you’d like help—”

“I don’t.”

George frowns, tilting his head with mock confusion. “You didn’t let me finish my sentence.”

“Don’t need to, Georgie,” Dream gives him a sarcastic smile, wrapping his sandwich back up before grabbing his drink. “I don’t want your damn help.”

Something akin to hurt falls across George’s expression, his lips parting as he tries to say something in response, but he fails. Dream only chuckles, walking up to the teacher with a smirk across hard features. He leans down and blows a puff of air onto the bridge of George’s nose—just to see him cower and try to cover his face.

“Your feelings hurt?” Dream asks with a teasing glint in his voice. He takes George’s silence for a yes. “Now you know how it feels to be unwanted for once.”

Dream leaves without another word, without another thought, and he almost feels bad for treating the teacher so rudely. But for what it’s worth, it was thrilling to see how his words affected the man’s ego. He hates George and his stupid, inconceivable mind, and that’s never going to change.

The heel of his shoes clicks underneath the aluminum flooring and echoes throughout the halls of the college in a way that makes Dream want to walk a little quieter. His mind drifts from previous events to Patches—his cat. Dream wonders what she’s doing at the moment—probably curled into a ball, sleeping. He forgot to feed her before leaving this morning, so he can only imagine how hungry she must be.

*I’m sorry, sweetie*, Dream thinks to himself, plopping down in his chair with a sigh. He makes a mental note to make up for it when he gets home.

Dream snaps open his drink, lets it sizzle on his tongue, washing his taste buds with a delicious flavor. His computer sits on his desk, the last thing he’s searched staring straight at him. He doesn’t pay it any mind, switching to another tab before typing out: *Romeo and Juliet play Florida*, and then he scrolls, looking for an Act that’s scheduled preferably in the next few days.

He comes across a few, but they’re either too far in the future or not in Florida. *What part of ‘Florida’ did Google not understand?* It’s frustrating; Dream isn’t one for looking forever for something. And he’s about to give up, cancel the whole thing and just put on the movie of the Drama when he spots the one he’s been looking for.

It’s to be played three days from now, and that’s good enough for Dream. Now, all he needs is to have it approved, though it’s short notice.

It’s a complicated process, but the principal agrees with Dream’s plans. She only requests him to bring along another teacher as a second chaperone, which shouldn’t be a problem if it weren’t for the deafening silence that blankets the room when Dream asks who would be willing to go. They all politely decline, throwing out excuses of how they have a lot to get done before the end of the school year—or they sound like excuses to Dream.

Dream is about to give up, mumble a never mind and cancel the whole trip. That is, until a voice pipes up.

“I’ll go.”

It’s honey, all warm and gooey and sickly sweet; it’s George, and his voice makes Dream’s skin ignite with fire again. But he endures it, fuck, does he endure it. Dream whips his head to George. He sat at a table close to the corner of the room, hunched over and grading papers.

This wasn't the plan. Dream doesn't *want* George to go, doesn't think he can handle George's presence for three days straight. So he doesn't know why he finds himself saying: "Okay, whatever. Come by my classroom during lunch."

George perks up, quick to gather all of his things and stuff them in his bag. "I'm free right now, actually."

Dream hums, glaring at George, who is busy pushing his chair up to the table before stumbling over to Dream—he waves goodbye to some of the teachers, which only invites the flames to fume bigger. His eyes flicker to George's arms. Black marker is spewed across the paleness with words Dream doesn't care to read. He swallows insufferably within the pits of his stomach.

"So," George begins as they step out of the teacher's lounge, "where are we going?"

Dream already has some pace on him; being taller has its advantages. "Miami," he says with a gitting bite, "Romeo and Juliet."

"Oh, cool!" Dream hears George pick up his speed. "Can my class go? They need to take pictures for an art collage—"

"Yeah," Dream interrupts, "Do what you want."

"You never let me finish any of my sentences."

Dream peers down with a monotonous expression laced over his features as he grips the handle of his classroom door. "That's because I don't want you to."

George seems to shut up after that.

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"Here," Dream sighs, snatching the outline from the copy machine before he hands it to George. "Does it look fine to you?"

George fumbles with the slip of paper, pinching it between his thumb and index fingers as he squints his eyes. Suddenly, George presses it down on Dream's desk with a huff, reaching around to his bag. He fiddles with the buckles for a moment before a glint of metal catches Dream's gaze as the teacher opens the thin arms of a pair of glasses and slides them on his face. *He wears glasses?*

"I didn't know you wore glasses," Dream says curiously.

George laughs softly. "Yeah. I don't wear them often," he picks up the paper again, "but when the font is this small, it's difficult to read."

Dream avoids looking at George, turning his attention back to his computer. He doesn't need another reason to hate George more than he already does—this time, it would be how effortless George could pull off wearing glasses. "Do I need to make it bigger?"

"I would." George places his hands on the edge of Dream's desk, barely leaning in to observe the other's minute actions on the computer. "Since you have it set at nine, I'd say make it at least eleven or twelve."

Dream is all too aware of how close George is—he can feel the heat of his body trying to seep its way underneath tan skin that already burns with calloused jealousy. He wants to push George

away, put some distance between them because being *this close* surely goes against Dream's laws of professionalism he's embedded in the depths of his brain. But he doesn't. Instead, Dream lets George do whatever he wants. (He can just sulk quietly).

"This'll be fun," George hums, "the trip, I mean. I'm sure the class will love it."

Dream scoffs, sarcasm conjuring between his words as he says, "I'm sure they will."

"Hey," George picks up on the satire almost immediately, mindlessly placing his hand on Dream's shoulder, "they will. Trust me, Clay."

His hand burns Dream's skin with blue litany, exuding cold transcending under the fabric of Dream's dress shirt. The asinine action has Dream freezing up, face deadpanning as fire rips through his veins, bursting with a green salvo that never seems to end.

*Get off me. Get off me.*

"Don't call me that," Dream spits, rolling his shoulder to shrug George off, "Dream is just fine."

The rest of their time passes without another word said—Dream hands George his own stack of papers to hand out to his students before he's on his way home.

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"Hi, sweetie!" Dream coos, setting his things down on the leather sofa. Patches meows, darting through Dream's parted legs, wrapping her tail around his calf, and rubbing her face into the fabric of his jeans. "You must be hungry, baby. Come on, let's get you some food."

She meows again, running off to the kitchen.

Dream laughs at her antics, following behind the spoiled creature. Patches is already sitting atop the marble counter, her tail sweeping side to side as she waits patiently for Dream to conjure up her food. He runs his hand over her fur and places a chaste kiss on the top of her head.

"Daddy's forgetful sometimes," he hums, "hopefully you'll forgive me." She purrs in response, bumping her nose with his, her whiskers tickling Dream's face enough to make him smile. She's begging for food. "Alright, alright, I'll feed you," he teases, pulling away, "You're needy."

Once the small tin of metal filled with food is placed in front of her, Patches gently scoffs it down. She's always been a tender animal, soft with whatever she does, sleeps half the day, never bothers Dream unless she wants attention, needs food or water, or when she senses Dream isn't feeling well, mentally or physically. He admires her, wishes to be as carefree as her. But alas, he isn't, and he needs to start getting packed for the trip.

He pets Patches on the head despite knowing she doesn't like to be bothered while she eats before retreating to his room.

And then two days pass effortlessly within minutes.

The heat of the Orlando sun pounding down on Dream's back is enough to have him wanting to retreat back into the school. Needless to say, it's hot—excruciatingly so. Students' excited voices clamor over the suffocating air, shingles of *'Miami's gonna be so cool, dude!'* reaching Dream's ears without a second thought. He wants to believe those words. He really does. But *something* in the back of Dream's mind tells him that they won't enjoy it. Or maybe it'll be him that won't enjoy it; he's scared of either possibility.

He hears the honey again, hears it in all of its golden glory. It drifts through the humid air and drips under his skin, igniting his nerves with green fury. Dream hates this feeling. This feeling of distasteful intentions. But he doesn't know what he would do without it.

"Dream!" It drips again. "Dream, come on!"

Dream's gaze turns to George, waving to him from the bus with a sugary smile on his lips. Dream hums quietly, pushing himself up from the steps of the university entrance before curling his hand around the thin fabric of his duffel bag. He looks up at the sky, outlining puffy clouds with his eyes as he takes a deep breath to the next three days in quiet despair and rage.

*God help Dream from doing anything he'll regret.*

The students have already picked out where they want to sit, leaving two empty seats at the front of the bus for Dream and George. Dream throws his stuff into the one behind the driver's side as George takes roll call. Every high-shrill christen of George's honeyed voice has Dream itching to pull his headphones out and plug his ears. But that will have to wait until after.

When it seems like George is done, he shoots the bus driver a quick thumbs-up before flashing a quick smile to Dream. Dream only rolls his eyes and pulls his knees up to his chest as he untangles his headphones from his pocket. It's going to be a long ride, so why not listen to music?—lest he'd have to deal with George for three and a half hours.

His eyes find George, throwing a blanket over himself as he leans back in his seat. A book is open in his lap, and those dumb glasses from before are complementing his features. It's a wondrous sight, but Dream doesn't let himself stare. Instead, he closes his eyes in the hope of falling asleep.

The hours seem to pass by quicker after that.

"...Dream." A soft voice calls out to him, along with a slight shake of his leg. He's too tired to make out the words. "—up, Dream. Come..."

Dream groans, his head tilting against the glass of the bus window. His mind begins to roll over with consciousness, pulling him from his delirious state of dreamland. His eyes flutter open, a haze of blurriness casting over his world as he focuses on the figure that had shaken him from his slumber—George.

Of course.

Through the hazy remnants of sleep and trying to figure out where the hell he is, Dream offers George a smile that isn't laced with green hatred. "Hi," he whispers, sitting up to stretch his arms.

George gives a smile back—one of reciprocity. "Hi. We're at the hotel."

Dream nods, letting it be known he heard George. "I'll be out there soon. Let me just get my things."

"Okay," George begins to turn away before he stops, "Oh, by the way. You should smile more. It's really...." he scans Dream's face, "it's really suitable for you."

That's when the green comes back. And it seems to be overpowering that moment of bliss Dream felt only seconds ago. It's swirling around his head, seeping under his skin; he almost misses before.

Dream rolls his eyes, huffing as he slides out of the seat before snatching his bag up, motioning for

George to get the fuck off the bus. George nods his head, face flushing, and he shyly turns around, stepping off the bus as Dream isn't far behind.

The humidity is insufferably worse than that of Orlando. Thrilling strays of the sun still beat down unforgivably but more intensely, the air tense and oppressive as it swirls around. Dream peers up at the hotel; it's as fancy as it appeared in the photos, which is a good thing considering the money he's spent. A slight tug to the side of his shirt as his attention drawn back to the crowd of students gathering under the awning.

"Come on," George mumbles, tugging Dream by the fabric, "you have to check us in."

Green flames of invisible fire ignite behind Dream's eyes as he flicks George's hand away, knitting his eyebrows. "Don't touch me," he spits before pushing his way through the crowd of students to the entryway of the hotel.

It doesn't take long to get checked in, handing out key cards to the students.

"Boys with boys and girls with girls, okay, everyone?" Dream says, "I don't want to be held responsible for anything." He gets a mutter of agreements. "Meet us here at six tomorrow night. Other than that, enjoy the rest of your evening off," Dream announces, shuffling his bag over his shoulder.

"Actually—" George pipes up nervously, "My class, we'll be going to a museum." Dream turns his head to him, confusion washing over his face. George quickly glances over at him, almost nervous. "So you all will meet me here in the morning around eleven, okay?"

When sounds of agreement echo through the hotel entrance, George grins, turning to Dream. "You're coming with us, Dream."

"What?" Dream scoffs, "No, I'm not."

"Yeah, you are. I already sent in that there would be two teachers," George crosses his arms, "not one."

Dream rolls his eyes, starting to retreat to his room before a cold hand wraps around his wrist, pulling him back. It feels like time has stopped or slowed. George has these eyes, wide and begging, as he bats his eyelashes; he almost looks like a cat pleading for his food.

Dream gives in, not wanting to endure the way George is looking at him. "Fuck, fine. Whatever."

"Good," George smiles, "Oh, and by the way, you didn't give me a room key."

"The lady gave me all the ones I bought," Dream says, confusion falling over his face as he flickers his gaze between George and the front desk, "Are you sure I didn't give you one?" George nods, letting go of Dream's wrist.

The burning sensation he felt earlier disappears as soon as George's hand falls away, and Dream couldn't have been more thankful. With a green flare of fire pointed in George's direction, Dream goes back to the front desk, leaning against the wooden frame.

"Hi! What can I do for you, sir?" The accountant's voice is almost as high-strung as George's, but it doesn't bother Dream as much.

He peers over his shoulder to George before looking back to the lady. "I didn't receive a keycard for my co-worker. Did you give me all the ones I paid for?"



Her fingers fly over the keyboard, her face distorting to one of confusion. “Yes,” she answers after a moment, “Mr. Clay, right?”

“It’s okay,” George butts into the conversation, a smile filtering over his features, “I can just room with you, Dream. It’s no big deal, right?”

Dream glares at George, protruding his dumb little head with daggers that dare to slice through the skin. “What? No, you can stay in your own room,” he turns to the lady, “Can I purchase a room for him?”

The lady shakes her. “We’re booked until next week.”

Dream sighs, dropping his head onto the counter. He doesn’t want George to room with him, doesn’t think he can handle being around the one person he hates the most for the next three days without doing something he’ll regret. But Dream also can’t have George staying in a different hotel; that would just be too difficult to maneuver. So, with frustrating defeat, he gives into George for what felt like the millionth time.

“Don’t touch my things,” he says once they’re walking down the hallway, “don’t come near my side of the room, and just don’t—” Dream slides the keycard in the slot of the door, hearing it beep before pushing it open, “—just don’t bother me, okay?”

“No promises,” the pertinacious boy laughs, pushing past Dream to step inside of the room.

Dream rolls his eyes, closing the door behind them. “I’m taking a shower first.”

“No, I want to.”

The theatre teacher hums with disapproval and glares at George. For a few moments, there’s a staring competition between them, neither of them breaking eye contact until George hits his bottom lip out and bats his eyelashes. “Please,” he draws out, resembling a child begging his mother for candy.

Dream scoffs, raising an eyebrow at the man before stepping towards the bathroom. “No. If you’re gonna room with me, you’re going to follow *my* rules. Okay?”

“Whatever,” George pouts, claiming his side of the room by setting his things on top of the bed closest to the door.

It’s going to be a long few days, Dream figures.

~

The sun tumbles Dream from his sleep the following day. Luminescent hues of yellow drip through the curtains of the hotel room in a way that makes Dream want to groan out and yell at the sun for being too damn bright. His eyelashes flutter as he tries to get adjusted to the morning that slips with elegant grace through his bones. Dream lifts his head from the pillow, noticing the sour taste of his breath; he needs to brush his teeth.

His gaze focuses on the petite teacher still sleeping in the other bed of the room, face flushing in mock confusion as he takes in the sight of George; he’s turned on his stomach, leg hiked up, and the covers were not doing their job.

The first thing Dream notices are the clothes, or the lack thereof. Bright blue fabric hugs George’s ass in a way that shouldn’t be attractive to Dream, and an oversized t-shirt just barely slips up the

slope of his back. All George is wearing is his underwear and a shirt—how more unprofessional can he get?

Dream doesn't want to admire him, but he can't help how his eyes linger, taking in the soft luminosity of gold and honey that paints George's skin without a care in the world. He can't help the thought of wanting to touch and bruise and tamper with the paleness of George's thighs. Maybe it's the leftover sleep; perhaps it's the secret desire that pillows in his gut and cushions every gulp of spit. Whatever it is, Dream doesn't want to indulge himself with it.

But again, he can't fucking help it.

A soft whimper pleats from George's lips, his hips unconsciously rolling into the mattress of his bed. The noise leaves Dream in a blitzed daze, his eyes trailing the motion, almost waiting for George to do it again—almost wants him to. But then he'd have to suffer the consequences of a worsening problem developing below his hip line.

Dream blames it on morning wood—that's better than blatantly admitting to himself that he loves the way George's whimpers fill the room. But he can't help the way each slumbered noise dares a flash of white-hot arousal to strike throughout the marrow of his bone and ignite that little flame of green once more.

Why, Dream asks himself, why does George have to be so goddamn tempting?

However, the arousal is short-lived when Dream peers over to the bulky alarm clock situated on the nightstand that reads **10:12 am**. Despite himself, Dream groans, reaching for a pillow that isn't occupied by his head, and throws it at George.

"George," he rasps out, kicking the duvet from his body. When the teacher doesn't seem to move, only buries his head into the pillow he's clutching, Dream tries again. "George, wake the fuck up."

George groans, mumbling out something along the lines of *'five more minutes.'* Dream rolls his eyes at the man's antics, sitting up in his bed before walking over to George's. He pinches the back of the other's thigh, trying not to let himself linger and feel the softness that he was barely able to touch. "We have to get ready, George."

"Don't wanna."

Dream sighs, gripping George's bicep with ease, and flips him over in one simple movement. "Get the fuck up, okay?" George nods, eyes wide and glassy as he looks up at Dream with parted lips; he's shocked. "Good. We're leaving in an hour."

~

For the most part, the museum is empty. Various art pieces that hang across bland walls, which are too clean to be considered natural, are the only things that give the building consistency.

George greets one of the employees with a smile plastered over his face, pearly whites flashing behind pink that has Dream's stomach twisting in ill interest. He can hear the way honey drips from George's tongue with lovely prose, echoing through the building and drowning under the chatter of students.

Dream almost swears George is like a bee—collecting his pollen before taking it back to the hive for the little worker bees to churn and deliver in the state of George's voice as pure, golden honey. It's sickening, and Dream wants to leave, go back to the comfort of white marshmallows and suffocating heat that is his hotel bed. Maybe then he can avoid the green that consumes him wholly

and burns his skin without mercy or shame.

He doesn't register that he's staring until they lock eyes, green irises mixing with brown in a way that shouldn't be natural. Dream blames the hazy rays of hate littering his stomach that dare him to fluctuate his focus down George's petite body before rising back to meet the ocean of sepia that's waved with underlying confusion.

Dream doesn't pay attention to it, rather turning away to admire the copious art pieces as he walks around. Might as well look while he's here.

Swirls of blue and yellow catch his eye, drawing him to a piece that he easily recognizes as 'The Starry Night' by Van Gogh. Dream muddles over to it, distinguishing every stroke that the assumed manic depressive man painted back in eighteen eighty-nine. It's one of his favorites—along with 'At Eternity's Gates.' And the talent portrayed has Dream wishing he could be just as good. (If he hadn't been a teacher, Dream would've taken up painting as a hobby).

To Dream, the painting depicts a manic daydream. The brushstrokes reveal the bitter emotion of insanity that the poor man suffered. The isolation and underachievement he felt as an artist. And quite frankly, Dream admires the man for his doings, as confusing as they may have seemed. It's presumed Van Gogh painted the masterpiece through the window of a mental asylum during a period of great anguish—or that's what Dream remembers reading on a website about the art.

The brushed-on stars and the swirling clouds seem to appear chaotic to Dream's surmise. They materialize to resemble a storm, wreaking havoc amongst the sublime peacefulness of a village.

*"a great starlit vault of heaven... one can only call God,"* Van Gogh wrote. And it almost is.

"Do you like it?"

Honey penetrates Dream's mind, pulling him out of his adoration for the painting as it dips under his skin. Dream questionably hums as he turns his head down to the little bee. George is looking at the artwork as well, his arms crossed over his chest as he stares into the starry abyss.

"Yeah," Dream mumbles, gazing at the tufts of brown that curl atop George's head before looking down to the floor. He notices the distinct lack of green flames as he shoves his hands into his trouser pockets. "One of my favorites."

"Mine, too." Dream sees George look up at him through his peripheral vision. "Van Gogh's work always makes me think—probably too hard if I'm honest."

"Guess we have something in common then." Dream fights the smile that threatens to slide over hard features; smiling has never been his thing, especially if it's because of someone he's supposed to hate. But with how George has locked himself in under Dream's skin, he can't help the gentle curiosity that perks in his bones and the smile that's barely sliding across his face. "What do you like about him?"

"His mind." There's hesitance in George's words. "It's very....tortuous and dark. I could only wish to be as talented as him."

Dream scoffs, his voice wavering as he speaks with misplaced virtue. "You are talented." It should've been laced with jealous aim.

"I fiddle around with a dumb camera, Dream," George sighs, "Anyone can do what I do."

"I can't," Dream licks his lips, gazing down at George with unsure eyes. This feeling is foreign. He

shouldn't be immersing himself in a conversation with the person he envies the most; it goes against his morals. "I can't do a lot of the things that you can."

There's a beat of silence—one of confusion mixed with bleary bliss.

"Do you wanna learn?"

"Learn what?"

George smiles. "How to fiddle around with a dumb camera."

Dream lets his tongue slip before his mind can process what it means. "Yes."

George lets his smile fall into a grin, grabbing hold of Dream's wrist and pulling him through the emptiness of the art museum. Dream doesn't try to free himself, much to his surprise, and lets himself be dragged out of the building into the open air of the busy city bustling with loud noises of cars and people. He hasn't a clue why he's letting George lead him through the crowd of warm bodies, pushing their way past them in a hurried manner that Dream couldn't figure out the point of. And then he remembers the students they have left behind. That's when he pulls back.

"What about your class?"

George sighs, the sound being caught under the wind of chatter. "They'll be fine," he hums, tugging on Dream's wrist to persuade him forwards, "they're there for another hour or so anyway."

Something screams at Dream to scold George about how utterly unprofessional it is to leave his own students behind in a city they're unfamiliar with—especially Miami. But those thoughts flee within seconds the moment George has them run across the street to a park.

"George—" a breath of a hitched fear scares up the creep of his chest as he almost falls over a man riding a bicycle and kisses the concrete with a bloodied nose, "George, slow down. Jesus fuck."

"We're almost there," George says, panting and out of breath within moments—he must not be very active.

They run across a small bridge that connects the sidewalk to the grassy, green landscaping of the park that Dream hadn't seen initially on their way to the museum. George releases his grip on Dream's wrist, leaning against a black olive tree as he digs through his bag for his camera. Dream watches him closely, still confused as to why he couldn't feel the raging jealousy of green that usually drips through his bloodstream while George trifles with the bulky thing. He presses a few buttons, mumbling quietly to himself as he brings the camera close to his face.

Dream notices how his hands just barely grip the photographic equipment, the camera seemingly too big for him to handle. But he doesn't pay much attention to it. Instead, he peers over to the rest of the park, taking in the scenery. It's not much of a park, but it's still a park nonetheless.

"Alright," George mumbles, drawing Dream's attention back to him, "So obviously, this is a camera, but really the main thing you need to know is that this," he points to the back of the equipment, "is the viewfinder, and this the shutter button."

Dream nods along, pretending to care about how to operate the stupid thing. He revels in the way George's voice sounds—honey with soft undertones of rose petals that could singe from the slightest burn of green that flares from Dream's body. He almost wants to reach out and do precisely that, burn George's skin, and set him aflame with a callous glow of embers.

George steps a bit closer, invading Dream's personal space to show him how the camera works. It makes Dream want to push him away, tell him not to get so close—but he doesn't. For some unbeknownst reason, Dream doesn't, and that's what scares him the most. His emotions are displaced, and all he can think about is the immediate warmth of the other's body heat that dares to seep under tan skin and live within the hidden parts of Dream. It dares to carve George's name in perfect shapes of cursive.

It feels like he's being dipped in honey, and Dream hates it.

“—and when you click this button, you take a picture,” George says, handing the camera to Dream, “Now here, you try it. It's fairly simple.”

“Easier said than done,” Dream mumbles, handling the equipment as George had done moments ago. His hands are almost too big to hold onto the camera, but he manages.

George laughs, aiding Dream with the placement of his fingers. “The camera isn't going to bite you, Dream,” he says with sweetness to adorn it, “Hold it like *you're* going to bite *it*.”

Dream grips it firmly. “Like this?”

“Yes, perfect,” George nods his head, “Now, just take a picture of something you find pretty or semi-worthy of its picture being taken of.”

Dream doesn't know why, but he finds himself pointing the lens towards George. If you were to ask him, he would say it to be a trial run. Though, deep down, Dream knows that George's beauty is the only thing he knows that's worthy of being captured through the camera's eye. Be that as it may, Dream could never admit this to himself. Because despite his emotions, he's still that selfish person who thrives from the promise of jealousy.

George only smiles for the camera, alluring himself to its presence—like he's made to be the center focus of it all. He does a little gesture with his hand, pointing his finger to his cheek as ivory gleams from behind pink. Yellow tinctures fumble from the shade that the tree casts over George's face, a sparkling gleam of the sun shining in his eyes, making the orbs look almost golden. And for only a moment, Dream is awestruck as he takes in the view of George.

It's the first time Dream lets himself admire the teacher's soft features.

The camera captures nearly everything. To his soft-looking hair tinted a dark brown, to the freckles that scatter over the bridge of his nose that are only visible given their proximity. His smile seems to sparkle at the lens, lulling Dream in with its inviting temptations.

Dream takes the picture. He hears the shuttering *click* of the camera that tells him he's done as much, letting the heavy equipment fall from his eye. Dream peers over to George, who is busy looking around the park; he takes another picture of the oblivious male, just barely having to hold back the smile that threatens to call his name.

He turns away, pointing the camera at anything other than the pretty teacher that turns his blood into gold. He can feel how his heart swells with blue swirls of guilt that pleat under his skin and knots his stomach in a way that feels nauseating. Dream feels guilty because he lets himself be caught up by George's alluring aura that burns through the marrow of his bones and breaks him down from the inside out in a way he doesn't think he'll recover from.

“Dream!” His attention is called away from his thoughts. “Come take a picture of the flowers!”

With a rugged breath that grazes the top of his lip, Dream trails his way over to George, staring at

his shoes as they glide across green blades of grass that are less than threatening to the world. The flowers that George points out are white roses, soft and delicate. They look as though they could wilt under the slightest indentation of fingertips. Dream aims the camera at them, snapping a quick photo of the flowers before turning back to the teacher.

“Here.” Dream watches as George leans towards the flowers, soft hands plucking one of the roses from its home in the bush. “It’s for you,” he whispers, handing the fragile thing to Dream.

It takes a moment for Dream to process the gesture that seems more romantic than it probably should’ve been. He’s taken off guard, blue guilt transcending into red bliss that Dream can’t place in the time it takes for him to reach out and accept the rose into his hands. “Thank you?”

George hums, taking the camera back into his hands holding it up to snap a picture of Dream. “You’re welcome.”

No other words are exchanged in the time it takes for them to get back to the museum and gather George’s class (that seemed not to have noticed their disappearance). For the rest of the afternoon, while waiting for the clock to tick down to six o’clock, Dream sulks. It’s the only thing he *can* do. And then somehow, without the knowledge of knowing why or how the time passed so quickly, he’s standing outside of the auditorium doors of the theatre, waiting for them to be opened.

The coursing chatter of students is enough for Dream to want to go back to the hotel room and fall into a sweet slumber once more. But he can’t, so he supposes he’d have to wait until the play is over.

George converses with a group of his students, peering down at a camera as Anthony—someone that Dream has noticed gets a little too close to George—flickers through the digital figure. George has this expression of blissful fondness laced with sternness, and Dream wonders what could be so important to make him look like that. His curiosity is cut short, however, when the doors of the auditorium open.

The students go first, Dream and George not far behind them. And once everyone is settled, the lights go dim, and the play starts—

Dream doesn’t pay much attention until later.

*“Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;”*

Dream glances over to the teacher sitting beside him. The stage lights are almost dim enough to cast pure darkness across George’s face, painting his features with soft luminosity. His glasses, circular and probably too big for his face, reflect the kindle lights of the stage, the actors. And perhaps it’s the atmospheric grace of gentle love, but Dream is in awe at the sight of the man. He doesn’t feel that little green monster of jealousy; it’s almost lovely in a way.

*“Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers’ eyes; Being vexed, a sea nourished with loving tears.”*

George flickers his gaze to Dream, catching him red-handed. Dream doesn’t look away. Instead, the fondness bubbling in his stomach churns to something of curiosity.

“Do you like it so far?” Dream whispers, taking advantage of his displaced emotions.

“The play?” Dream nods — the hesitance is evident in George’s words, just like that day in the museum. “It’s okay. I haven’t seen it in a while.”

A feeble feeling it is; the feeling of green, abhorrent flames mixing with those of pink and honey-

gold drops of blood, and it's heavenly, yet it brings a sick twinge of disgust blasting in Dream's gut. It manifests itself across freckled cheeks, painting them with red embarrassment or hatred—he couldn't decipher which one.

*"An if you leave me so, you do me wrong,"*

His gaze flickers between the reflective sheen of George's glasses, just barely being able to see the soft echo of his face from them. Dream can feel the jealous pits of rage bubbling in replace of the soft-red fire as he watches himself in the glass. He hates George for making him endure the insufferable consequences of conflicting emotions that have him torn between wanting to make George cry and wanting to kiss him—

*Kiss him?*

Dream stumbles his gaze down to the man's lips.

*Kiss him...*

He's never wondered about it until now, never wanted to. But the thought runs across Dream's mind for a quick moment, then it's gone, almost as though it was never there to begin with. His eyes flick back up, scanning across the teacher's face with a twinge of something unreadable as he takes in the delicate features. It's the second time Dream ever allowed himself to worship the man's expression, and that alone made his blood run cold; he's falling traitor to his mind, to George.

*"Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?"*

Dream can't take this anymore. He can't take the push and pull that falls upon his heart, can't take the tragic love story that echoes through the auditorium. And most of all, he can't take the way George is looking at him all confused-like, eyes blown wide with the small example of a blush plastering over pale cheeks.

It's driving him insane—George is driving him insane. So he does the only thing he knows how to do. He runs. He runs away from that feeling, mumbling something about how he's feeling ill, quietly getting up from his seat and slipping out of the auditorium without another word.

Dream half expects the teacher to follow him, check up on him, but he doesn't. And in a way, he's thankful for that, but he almost wishes George did. Dream wishes George would've followed him to the bathroom, wishes to hear that stupid voice he hates so goddamn much but wallows in for relief. He wants to feel how his body could burn with jealous spikes from the sight of George's pretty face.

His hands grip the edge of the white-casted sink in a way that's almost harsh enough to feel like it would break under the strength. It's cold compared to the warm flush that encases his palms, it's cold.

Dream stares at himself; it feels like he's seeing an entirely different person looking back at him. His cheeks are warm, hair disheveled for reasons unknown, and his eyes are almost black, though they're drowned in a pool of emerald green. He looks horrible, and George is the sole fucking cause of it. Something about that alone makes Dream seethe with fire-hot lightning that strikes under his skin and courses through his veins with unyielding flavor.

It feels like he's been stripped down, exposed for anyone to see the vulnerability that envelops his entire pathetic being. It's just a reminder of how much he hates himself for letting George wrap

him around dainty fingers like a string. It goes against his professionalism, his morals, his entire being.

Dream's hold on the sink snaps, his hand slipping from the edge in a way that's almost painful to endure. But with how he's already dripping in anger, it doesn't register in his brain. A growl rips from the hollow of his throat, penetrating the air with a low murmur of his chest. He needs to calm the fuck down.

Water spins from the faucet down to the drain before it's quickly running over the surface of Dream's hands. He splashes the cold over his face, letting it wash with chilling spikes in the hope of the cool warmth of his cheeks to lessen.

*Why did George have to offer to come with him?*

*Why must he be so fucking determined?*

A jarring knock of the bathroom door opening has Dream turning his head to the side. It feels as though his body is committing arson against him as his eyes land on the familiar figure of the photography teacher.

Dream doesn't want him here anymore, can't stand to have him around; he's a temptation, a gentle reminder of reigning power over someone who desperately wants to snatch it from beneath their feet.

"Hi," George lets the bathroom door close behind him, "the play is over."

Dream hums in response, looking back to the mirror. The water didn't help; his face is just as red as it was before. He watches George closely from the reflective glass, watches as he bites his lip, scans his eyes up and down Dream's back. He watches as George steps closer.

*Please don't. I can't handle it.*

"Are you okay, Dream?" His voice is so fucking soft, and it causes Dream to grip the edge of the sink once again.

Dream feels the fire alight in his gut the moment George runs a hand down his spine, trailing like gasoline through every nerve in his body. He turns around, leaning back against the sink to peer down at George. Dream never answers the other's question, lets it dangle in the air dangerously as his jealousy drips quietly from under his skin to George.

"You act like I'm a pain to endure, Dream," George asks, backing up slightly with a look of distraught plastered on his face, "You were fine at the park, so why are you acting this way now?"

"Because you are a pain."

There's a beat of tensioned silence. "So, you hate me?"

"Hasn't that been obvious this entire time?" Dream is seething uncontrollably, the hardness of his voice echoing through the bathroom. He pushes himself from the sink, stalking towards George with slow strokes.

George cowers, backing up until he could no longer, hitting the bathroom wall as Dream crowds his space. Dream flattens his palms against the tiled barrier almost too gently for his angered headspace. George peers up at him, meeting the darkness that's hidden behind the pools of green, almost asking him to continue.



“Yeah, I fucking hate you, George,” Dream says, “You never know when to stop. You’re pushy, annoying, and you never shut the fuck up.”

George’s lips separate as shock washes over his face, a small whimper tipping from his tongue. “I-I didn’t know you felt that way.”

“I don’t care what you know or what you don’t know, George,” Dream declares dumbly, “You’re still an annoying bitch either way.”

George’s tongue darts out to pull his bottom lip between his teeth, and his eyebrows knit together from the harsh words that slip without remorse from Dream’s mouth. And Dream would’ve felt bad for it if it wasn’t for the pride that swells his ego.

Dream tears his gaze down to George’s mouth, watching him gnaw on the soft flesh as the thoughts about kissing him come back. But now they’re only one manifesto: to kiss George until he’s crying and his lips are bruised and bloodied so that it hurts for him to speak. But he doesn’t do it. Instead, he backs up with a smirk that caresses his features because it’s apparent that he’s finally torn through George’s walls of patterned security.

George is powerless, unwillingly giving it all up to Dream while he’s left with nothing but wide eyes and a quivering lip.

Dream leaves the teacher in the bathroom with a damaged ego and a woeful expression falling over his face as it dawns upon his pretty little mind that not everyone likes him. And Dream should feel bad; he knows this. But if it were so wrong to reprimand George, why did it feel so right?

George is quiet for the rest of the evening.

He’s quiet as Dream lets it be known to the students that they could do whatever they pleased for the rest of the night before having to head home tomorrow—but safely, of course. He’s quiet as Dream nods his head to the door and mumbles for him to *‘Come on. We’re walking.’*

Decidedly, the quiet schemes of the Miami air are a bit more peaceful than anticipated. Decidedly, the way George lingers behind Dream’s figure, grazing his fingertips across the ruff surface of the buildings, is better than his honey-dripped voice that blares happiness with every ring. Decidedly, Dream likes it better when George doesn’t talk, but he does miss it.

Dream peers over his shoulder. “Hurry up, George. I’d rather not wait on you.”

It’s almost laughable how George quickened his pace, catching up to Dream but never quite walking beside him. Dream almost thinks George is afraid of him, which didn’t run over well with his mind because, sure, Dream hates him, but he doesn’t want George to be *scared* of him. He isn’t that much of a monster.

Nothing more is mumbled out until they’re back at the hotel, back in the sacred confinements of their room, and back in more comfortable clothes. The tension rises like a tidal wave, waiting for the perfect moment to crash down and drown them both. And then it does.

“Why do you hate me?” George murmurs from where he sits cross-legged on his bed, staring at Dream, who sits on the edge of his own. “I’ve been nothing but nice to you, so I just don’t understand,” he pauses, “What happened to the Dream I saw at the museum?”

Dream flicks his eyes over to him, something dark, unruly, fixating in his gaze. He doesn’t answer, doesn’t want to.

George huffs with exhausted annoyance as he plants his feet on the carpeted floor, walking over to Dream. “Please answer my question,” he says, stepping closer and closer until his knees knock against Dream’s, “I want to know what I’ve done wrong. Tell me what—”

Dream’s hand shoots out, curling around George’s throat in a way that should’ve been more gut-wrenching. George cuts off with the slightest tremor of a whimper falling past his lips as Dream whips them around, pressing George back into the soft blankets of the hotel bed.

“You’ve done everything wrong,” Dream grits, slotting a knee between George’s legs as his other hand props himself up, “You don’t even try, and everyone *worships* you. That isn’t fucking fair, now is it, George?”

George’s eyes flutter shut as he snakes his fingers around the contrasting wrist, biting back a whimper from the way Dream tightens his hold around his neck. “Pl-Please,” he whispers, turning his nails into tan skin, “let me go.”

Dream blatantly ignores his request, using all of his strength to press George deeper into the mattress, letting the sheets curl around his tiny figure as the bed dips in. “It isn’t fair because I try so hard while all you do is bat your eyelashes like a slut, and suddenly everyone is doing what you want.”

A sleazy moan sputters from George’s mouth from the words that drip like poison and gasoline laced with the morning breeze of summer; it isn’t optimal, but fuck, did it set his skin ablaze. Dream cocks his head, giving an experimental squeeze to the sides of George’s throat. He gets whimpers in response, George’s eyes lazily falling open in a silent plea to just leave it alone.

Now, it’s Dream’s turn to be the persistent one.

“Do you like this?” Dream asks with a subtle ring of a snarky essence mixed with warmth. George only whimpers in response, twisting the skin his hand lazily wraps around, a clear indication he isn’t going to answer.

His cheeks are painted red as Dream’s name casts underneath his tongue, never letting his mouth fall victim to the other’s temptation even if the hand wrapped unkindly around his throat tries to tell him to do otherwise.

Dream squeezes harder. “Answer me, George.”

“Yes, fuck,” George rasps out, eyes rolling to the back of his head far enough to see white.

Dream laughs, dark and unabashed. “Fucking whore. Getting off to rough treatment? How pathetic can you get?”

If he had been in the right state of mind and not seething with pure rage that clouds every rational thought, Dream would have felt guilty for saying such vulgar words—lest he make George feel bad, though that is the current goal.

“I-I’m sorry,” George whines. It’s enduring, small, and nothing short of pathetic.

“Just shut the fuck up.”

Before Dream could try and stop himself, he’s pressing his lips against George’s in a way that isn’t soft for the delicate man below him to handle—nor did he care if it is either. It was almost as though Dream couldn’t wait to devour the man whole, chew him up, spit him back out, only to have him once again. It’s sizzling and careless, strategic and desirable, but it’s still not enough for

either of them to hold on to.

It's less than loving. Dream bites at George's lips, pulling the plush silk between his teeth just to hear him gasp from the velocity, the harshness. It makes Dream's jealous flame of beautiful agony die down to a tiny whisper of *'you're nothing under my grasp now'* because it's true. George Davidson—the pretty photography teacher from room thirty-four who Dream absolutely loathes—is falling victim to his tongue, turning to putty under calloused, ruthless hands that wanted to tear him apart.

It's more for Dream rather than George. It's the perfect way to take out all of his hatred, his abhorrence, his loathing, his frustration. And maybe it isn't the best - fucking with someone just for the shits of it - but there's something in the back of Dream's mind that echoes George's name as a god. Echoes that this isn't *'just for the shits'* but Dream chooses to ignore it; he doesn't want it.

And perhaps it isn't about his jealousy anymore. Perhaps it's something more—something that Dream couldn't even begin to comprehend at the moment. But whatever it is, Dream thanks it for making him this way, making him this person who craves recognition, because fuck, George is going to recognize him for the rest of eternity.

George is *so* responsive. Dream licks into his mouth with rough intentions, never faltering his pace even if whines of protests filter through the room and tell him to slow down. Because again, it isn't for George. It's for Dream and his sick little mind to be able to take out all of his frustrations in the only way deemed fit.

Rather than giving up instantly, George fights it. He fights for his dignity, his power in the reigning world, but his attempts are fruitless. Pleated, floral designs spiral underneath his skin, blooming Dream's name in cursive writing that polishes his body with roses and silk. It's a polish he wants his skin to be coated in forever—until he leaves this god-forsaken planet. His grip falters around Dream's wrist, his hand falling to the bed with a weak *thud* as he lets himself give in.

Dream is ruthless, dripping green fire down George's throat with every slick exchange of saliva. Honeyed lava caresses every nerve in his body, his hands retracting from the other's throat and sliding up the inside of George's arms, curling around thin wrists before pushing them into the mattress. The strength of it all has George moaning into Dream's mouth, the noise barely having its moment in the spotlight before it's swallowed up.

Nails dig into the paleness of George's wrists, leaving behind tiny crescent figures that will heal within the next few minutes. Dream doesn't give him the time and day to breathe, almost as though he wants George to suffocate from the venom that transcends from the depth of Dream's blood. Until he ultimately pulls away.

Dream stares down at the man below. George's cheeks are flushed with an everlasting pink; his brown eyes are drowned within the blackness of dilated pupils; his lips coated in slick spit. It's an awful sight, but it makes Dream bubble with pride of knowing he's the one making George look this way—a fucked out mess.

He shuffles around for a moment, straddling George's skinny thighs. Dream trails his hands underneath George's white-tee, cold hands juxtaposing the warm, searing skin of the other's stomach. It makes George whimper, stare up at Dream through lustful eyes that beg unsurely.

"If I had known that you would fall apart under my touch so easily," Dream begins, running his fingers to brush across George's nipple, "I would've done it sooner—would've made things a lot easier on me."

George shivers, biting his bottom lip to muffle the pathetic whines that threaten to tear from his throat. Dream quite literally looked as though he would eat George up, peering down at him like he was a bunny who is all but capable of defending himself. Dream slips the shirt up to George's mouth, guiding it between his teeth before pushing George's arms above his head.

Dream smooths his palm across the surface of George's stomach, caressing the skin with an irresistible lure that makes George whine out, just barely arching his back to push up into Dream's hands. Dream pushes on George's chest, pushes him back into the bed with enough force to have George crying out in protest.

"Stop being such a needy bitch," Dream spits, curling his fingers ever so slightly to dig his nails into the skin, "You'll take what I give you. And if that happens to be nothing, then don't fucking complain."

George bawls his fists up in a weak protest but nods his head. He resembles a mural, ready to be drenched in Dream's hateful marks, bites, and kisses. His obedience makes Dream laugh, a dark twinge of wine that spills from his mouth and situates itself on George's skin in the form of Dream's tongue.

Dream paints George with beautiful marks of pure hatred. Swiping his tongue over pale flesh, sucking pink roses into George's skin that will be a heated purple come morning. Dream's lips graze across the fair skin left untouched by humanity's nature, and he sinks his teeth in, biting down with harsh fervor. George whimpers with a pathetic noise, tilting his chin up to allow Dream more access to his neck.

"Such a good slut, Georgie." George whines, weakly writhing under Dream's body.

He slides his hands up George's arms, rolling the fabric of his shirt up and over his head before tossing it to the side, leaning back down to kiss at George's neck. Dream pulls the skin between his teeth, sucking at it with determination to have George covered in marks—his marks.

George is nothing but a palette for Dream to decorate with the color of mulberry and ashy-red paint. Dream sucks minor bruises into pink-flushed alabaster, never relenting with his teeth as a barely-there indication of blissful hatred. George whines when Dream digs his tongue in the carved skin where he had bit earlier.

Dream dives downward, planting more kisses down George's chest, stomach, and finally across the fabric of his clothed cock. George gasps quietly, rolling his hips up in Dream's face before strong hands slam them back into the bed. It's an indirect request for him to keep them there—just like his arms. Dream dips his fingers underneath the hem of George's pants and underwear. He tugs them down past the fat of his thighs and down the length of his legs before they're thrown to the side.

George's cock drips onto his stomach. Drips a small pool of precum that Dream licks away almost immediately. He winces at the taste—it tastes just as sweet and salty as George. And maybe he hates that, but it doesn't stop him licking a long stride up the pulsing length. George whines, his hands threading in Dream's hair.

"I wanna suck you off," he mumbles softly, "please."

Dream smirks, pulling himself from the bed. He tears his clothes off, discarding them to where-the-fuck-ever before he plants himself on George's chest. George looks up at him with wide eyes, which only encourages his smirk to grow wider.

He lets his cock tap against the perfect plush lips, pride sweeping his gut as George expectantly holds out his tongue. Precum drips onto taste buds, the latter relishing in the salty-sweet tang of the substance with an oh-so-pornographic moan that eases its way up his throat.

George caresses his tongue almost tantalizingly over the head of Dream's cock, curling his lips around it and lightly grazing perfect ivory across the sensitive skin. He relishes in the low moan that draws from the depths of Dream's chest. The pulse of his cock lays heavy in George's mouth as Dream slowly pushes his way inside. The smaller's jaw goes lax while he keeps his eyes locked on Dream, locked on the way Dream's expression turns to one of pure pleasure.

His tongue envelopes a warm heat across the thick girth of Dream, the wet muscle curling at the underside of Dream's cock as he produces shallow thrusts with his hips. George's lips are pink and pretty, begging with intent from the intrusion that plies his mouth open and stuffs it full.

With every mediocre nudge against the inside of his cheek, George's teeth continue to graze along the length, letting the head leave a slight bulge that caves in his mouth. Dream pulls out to rest his cock against George's lips, the boy taking the opportunity to twirl his tongue around it, never breaking the eye contact he has with Dream. It has Dream dropping his jaw with intent as George drags the wetness to lick at the slit, spreading the precum to his mouth, letting it salivate under his tongue.

Pretty fingers—everything about George is so, so pretty yet so gut-wrenching—wrap around the base of Dream's cock, and he lifts his head from the pillows, letting the length push to the back of his tongue. He stays there for a moment, relishing the tiny twitches that sprinkle precum down the hollow of his throat before rolling over a more prominent vein at the underside of Dream. George quietly moans around the girth, and the slightest fulfillment of self-gratification looms in his ego at the heavy groan he could hear.

Dream pulls out, grabbing onto the sides of George's cheeks before spitting on his tongue. "Get your mouth wetter, yeah?"

The spit drips from the muscle that rests on George's bottom lip, trailing onto his chin, and it gives Dream the courage to slap the head of his dick on George's tongue. George moans, breathy and seductive, before swirling the saliva around the cock, coating the tip with slick spit.

Dream flattens his palm against the headboard of the bed, steadying himself before pushing down George's throat—having reminded himself that everything about George's annoying presence has drawn them to this moment. Professionalism has been thrown out of the window, and all he can think about is the echo of George being ruined by his cock just enough to have tears streaming down his delicate features.

A soft moan drifts into the air as he watches himself disappear in George's mouth, and if he looks close enough, he can almost make out a bulge that pokes at the hollow of George's throat. Dream hears the whorish gag that George elicits but makes no attempt to push Dream away—why would he?

Dream pushed in farther, wanting to hear how George chokes on his cock, wanting to hear the sputter of spit that's oh-so-obscene in every possible way. The large intrusion has George coaxing his eyes shut, moaning around the length as his hands glide to pull Dream closer than he already is. It's a silent beg for Dream to *'Please fuck my throat,'* and it has the blond smirking.

George lets out a pathetic noise, tightening his lips as Dream pulls out halfway. Ivory grazes the top of his cock again, punching a heavy sigh from his chest, and his eyes fall over George's face, his mouth. It gives him the endurance to press his hips forward until he's speeding up his pace—

until he's downright fucking George's mouth like he's nothing more than a cocksleeve.

He uses his hands pressed against the wall as leverage, letting his hips do their own thing. George just takes it; he takes it because it's the only thing he can do. The sounds of spit and barely-there moans fill the room with a pornographic sheen, and it's such an awestricken sight.

"Fuck," Dream growls, "you're so much prettier when you're choking on my cock. Whining like a slut."

George weakly hums, turning his nails into the back of Dream's thighs. Dream laughs, breathy and low, as he brings a hand from the wall, letting it press against George's neck. It's an awkward angle, but he can feel where his cock presses at the inside of George's throat, bulges out to let him know where he is, and it's enough to have Dream's hips stuttering to a stop as he relishes where his cock settles.

George lets his tongue curl to the back of his throat, and it enables the wetness to stroke over the vein that had Dream moaning earlier. Dream presses down on the bulge, and George whines at the strange feeling, pushing Dream off his chest as he coughs.

"Don't— Don't do that."

Dream rolls his eyes. "Whatever."

George sits up, crawling between Dream's legs. "Do it like this. I can take it better."

He ghosts his breath across the tip of Dream's cock, letting a hand wrap around the base as he guides it to his lips. Precum soaks the already-slick-with-spit flesh, his tongue darting out to deliver light licks to the slit before he sinks his head, taking Dream to the hilt in one go.

Dream leans back on one of his hands, letting the other thread through brown locks, curling his fingers into a fist as George begins to bob his head without a second to waste. George allows his tongue to roll across every inch of Dream's cock, hollowing his cheeks and tightening his lips as vulgar sounds of spit are sucked into his mouth. Dream watches in fascination at the eagerness, pushing George's head down with minute force.

George brokenly whines, glaring up at Dream through wet eyelashes. Dream dares to look almost bored at the sight of George taking his cock in his mouth, which only encourages George to tighten his lips more, dragging his head up before pulling off with a slick *pop*. He flattens his tongue, licking a long stride from the base to the tip, relishing the acute pulse of Dream's cock from the action.

"Don't look bored with me, Clay."

Dream raises an eyebrow, pushing George back down to his dick. "Suck me off better, and I won't."

George pouts but takes Dream back into his mouth, slicking his cock up with more spit than necessary. He glides his hand up and down the skin he doesn't care to reach at this moment, but each stroke brings Dream the tyranny of unnatural, cruel control—cruel in the way he forces George to sink his head to the base, his hand fleeing. It's cruel in the way he doesn't care if George gags around him, doesn't care if spit drips onto the bed from how much George can't hold it in, doesn't care if George whines for Dream to let him breathe.

Dream holds him there for a moment, lets himself wallow in the fact that George has fallen victim to his hatred. It's until George pinches at the inside of his thigh when Dream finally pulls him up,

letting him gasp and cough for the oxygen that Dream had taken away from him moments ago.

George has spit running from his mouth, pooling down his chin to his neck. It's the messiest Dream had ever seen him, and it makes the kindle flame of green jealousy turn into that of red possessiveness because *he did this to George*, and he's the only one that gets to see him like this.

Dream brings his hand to cup George's cheek, a thumb running across the spit that slicks over his lips. "I don't see why everyone likes you," he mumbles, too gentle for his derogatory words, "All you are is just a slut for my cock."

George hums, poking his tongue out to lick Dream's thumb. And if it isn't the most erotic, whorish sight Dream has even seen. Dream lets his hand fall to George's neck, lets himself squeeze the sides just to see how George trembles and his eyes roll to the back of his head.

"Please," George whimpers, "I want you in my mouth."

Dream tightens his grip. "Yeah?"

"Yes, please. Oh my god."

Dream laughs, drifting his hand to the nape of George's neck, lowering him to his cock once again. George eagerly rolls his tongue over the expanse of sensitive skin, taking Dream to the hilt once more before sliding up to swirl around the wetness of the tip. It's vile in how the sound of spit spurs from George as he fails to swallow it, fails to suck it back into his mouth. Instead, it lathers over Dream's cock, painting the length with a slick sheen as it becomes concentrated enough to drip onto the bed, splatter it with wet spit in circulated marks.

It's the opposite of honey and gold; it's achromatic, dark, and sinful. But it still thrives with color in some sadistic plea of wilted orchid petals.

George tightens his lips, a poor attempt to keep some of the spit in his mouth, and his teeth graze across the top and bottom of Dream's cock. Whatever that's doing, it draws breathy gasps from Dream, which only makes George bob his head faster. He brings a hand to wrap around the base of Dream's length again, jerking his wrist in time with his head, adding that extra slither of stimulation that has Dream downright moaning.

Dream pulls at George's hair, pushing down and pulling up along with the teacher's movements. There's a coil of heat sputtering in Dream's abdomen, the muscles in his stomach flexing with every blissful slide of George's tongue, every graze of teeth, every moan that vibrates around his cock. It's all so much, and Dream doesn't know if he'll last, so he pulls George off.

"W-What are you doing?" George pouts, desperate to go back down and swallow Dream's cock again.

Dream prevents him from doing so. "I was gonna cum."

"So? You should've cum down my throat."

Dream rolls his eyes, sliding off the bed as George's eyes follow his movements. "Just shut up and get on your stomach."

George listens, crawling to the middle of the bed and presses his front into the mattress, cradling a pillow in his arms. Dream is looking around for something, and George already knows what it is.

"In my bag—the lube," he points to the beige duffel bag tossed carelessly on the floor at the end of

his bed.

“You brought lube?” Dream questions, shuffling over to where George is pointing. The teacher nods. “What a whore you are, Georgie. Must’ve been expecting something, yeah?”

Dream digs through the bag as George remains silent, though his eyes never leave Dream’s toned figure. He holds his breath when the bed dips from heavyweight, goes entirely still when Dream’s hands trace over the flesh of his ass. Dream gives him three light taps before striking his behind with rough furry. George moans, curls his toes as Dream laughs.

Dream squeezes the bottle, letting a generous amount of the cold substance coat three of his fingers. He watches as it slips down the length of his hands, dripping sinfully in between the digits. Dream snaps the bottle closed and tosses it to the side as he prods a slick finger at George’s hole. George weakly pushes his ass back and whines into the pillow he’s hugging, and it makes Dream laugh at the desperation.

He pushes past the tight rim, sinking his middle finger to the first knuckle and then the second. George moans out Dream’s name, lifting his ass, hoping Dream would go deeper but is met with bruising hands slamming his hips back down, pinning him against the bed. Dream smirks at the whines of protest that encourage him to push his finger all the way in.

“Desperate for it, yeah?”

George nods. “Yeah, please, Clay. Want—” he cuts off with a gasp as Dream curls his finger, “—want it, please, I want it so bad.”

Dream retreats his hand, letting it drag with a slowness before he plunges it back inside, making George whimper and throw a leg up from the forcefulness of it all before it slams back down on the bed. George fists the fabric of the pillow, burying his face into the plushness, letting it soak up the filthy noises Dream draws from the depths of his chest. He fucks George on one of his fingers, lets his hand dig into George’s hip in a successful attempt to keep him still until he’s moaning for another—begging.

“Please,” George exasperates, voice small and hoarse, “please, I *need* it.”

Dream doesn’t want to listen, doesn’t want to give in to George’s pleas. But with the way he’s moaning with a divine lilt to his cries compels Dream to line his index finger up, pushing it in alongside his middle—because maybe, even though the sheened hate that polishes his skin, he’s weak for George.

Dream spreads his fingers apart, just barely finding comfort in the way George writhes below him, pulls that stupid pillow closer to his face, and moans like it’s the only thing he knows how to do anymore. It’s how he should’ve been all along, not running his mouth constantly.

He makes George feel every drag of his fingers, every rough thrust that barely presses against that one spot George wishes he’d hit. It makes Dream smile knowing he’s brought George down like this, brought him down like he’s nothing but a toy to be used for Dream’s sadistic needs. And though it might not be right, Dream could care less—*it wasn’t for George*.

George thrashes his legs against the bed, his hips barely pushing back against Dream’s hand through the strength that pins him flush to the mattress. “Please,” he begs, muffled and ashamed above all things.

He’s moaning pathetically, biting at the corner of the pillow in some hope to keep himself quiet as



Dream ruthlessly thrusts two fingers inside of him. Dream finally, *finally* hits his prostate, making George cry out and writhe from the stimulation as he pleads and begs until there are tears welling in his eyes. Dream notices this—but just barely—and he takes it upon himself to have those same pretty tears streaming down George’s cheeks by the end of the night.

Dream curls his fingers again, spreads them apart with every drag, and presses in with full-fledged force. It has George shaking, his thighs trembling, and his body jerking in pleasure as Dream finally pushes a third finger past the muscle. He’s practically drooling over the pillow. Pleats of spit trails from his mouth, soaking into the white fabric from how he just can’t keep it in his mouth anymore. Dream’s hand finally relents from where it had pushed George’s hips into the bed, the man taking the newfound freedom to roll his ass up in time with Dream’s thrusts.

George looks better like this, Dream figures. Moaning and whining like a bitch, desperate to get off as he ruts his cock against the sheets to add that extra bliss of stimulation.

“Clay—” George gasps, feeling how Dream fills him up with just three of his fingers, “Clay, please. ‘M gonna cum, *please*.”

Dream smirks, tempted to deny George of his orgasm just to see how he cries and whines questions into the open air. But the thought of him crying from overstimulation, the thought of him shaking and torn between wanting to stop and wanting to come, the thought of him screaming Dream’s name, is enough to override that idea and has him speeding up his pace.

George thrashes against the bed, gasping with every prod against his prostate, every jolt of pleasure that makes his blood run cold, and his tongue lolls out from the white-hot flashes of arousal. Then, he’s *screaming* Dream’s name as he convulses with delectation, falling off the deep end of his orgasm.

His thighs shake violently. Dream never slows down his pace, never gives George the chance to come down from his high before he etches right back up to it. Only this time with pleated rose petals and honey-dripping blood of overstimulation. And it’s such a fucking sight to behold.

Dream’s name is quite literally carved into George’s skin with callous burns of jealousy, and that alone has Dream upping his pace tenfold. It makes George whine bashfully and try to curl up to escape the littering pleasure that seems to never end. Dream doesn’t let him. Instead, his clean hand returns to press George’s hips back into the bed, jabbing his prostate over and over until George finally begins to cry, sob even. That’s when Dream falters his pace but never entirely stops; he wants to drag this out for as long as he can.

“Please....” George sounds like a goddamn wreck, voice weak and hoarse, “Please just fuck me.”

Dream grins at the man’s request, pulling his fingers out. He wipes them clean on the bed before straddling the back of George’s thighs. His cock lay heavy on George’s ass, twitching as he reaches for the lube previously discarded. He sighs contently as he pours the substance of his length, not caring if he got any on George—Dream would use it either way.

“Dream —*fuck*—please,” George whines again, looking over his shoulder with tear-pleading eyes that look oh-so sinful.

“Shut—” Dream smacks his ass, earning a small sob, “—the fuck up. Okay?” George nods, buries his head back into the pillow.

Dream laughs darkly, curling his hand around his cock. He spreads the lube all over, letting himself revel from the stimulation of his fist before thrusting between George’s ass. He laughs

again, this time at the barely-there whimper that escalates from the security of the pillow. Dream teases the head of his cock at George's hole, barely pushing in before tearing it away. It rips a plethora of whines and whimpers from George as he tries to push his ass back.

Dream presses in again, letting himself be swallowed by the tight heat. He guides his nails up to the middle of George's shoulder blades and turns his claws to the skin. George moans lilted and unabashedly as Dream drags his nails down the length of George's unmarked back. It leaves jealous streaks of green in the blushed undertone of crimson red, just barely harsh enough to draw blood. He only stops the moment his cock is pushed to the hilt inside of George.

George trashes his legs against the bed, kicking as he whines for Dream to hurry up. Dream replaces his hands on either side of George's hips, pinning him to the mattress to stop whatever movements that try and get Dream to press deeper inside. For a moment, Dream uses George as a cockwarmer, letting himself relish in the way George clenches around his cock out of pure desperation before he rocks his hips, dragging his dick along the inside of the other's walls.

It's a movement barely there, but it has George gasping with immediate pleasure. Dream can almost feel the way George's thighs tremble and tense under his body as he slowly pulls out. He draws his eyes down to his cock, watching it appear with lube that glistens over and coats his length before he pushes back in.

He presses his palms to the bed, covering George's body with his as he rolls his hips, making George feel the way every inch of his cock and how it drags with spiteful intent. George gasps, the sound being muffled into the pillow that Dream is starting to get jealous of; Dream wants to hear the broken moans and whines that he's causing to protrude in the air. So, he pulls the pillow from George, throwing it to the side.

"Let me hear you," he growls out, "let me hear how I ruin you." His words are enough to coax sweet, erratic whines of agreement that feathers Dream's chest with favorable pride.

The moment he snaps his hips and George cries out, jaw lax as moans spill out of his mouth, Dream knows he found the one spot that would have George shaking with pleasure and constant overstimulation.

Dream dips his head down to bite at the other's shoulder as he continues his movements with his hips. He leaves his mark wherever he chooses to place it, making George's moans become louder with every rough thrust and bite that Dream delivers to him—it's enough to encourage Dream to fuck him faster and harder.

George's hand reaches around in an awkward angle to pull at Dream's hair, his cries of absolute bliss never faltering as Dream picks up his pace. It's like Dream knows how to make George scream his name out in thick spirals of moans and gasps that seem never to end. And Dream never wants them to. He wants them to be planted in his mind for eternity.

Everything is red-hot, blue persistence mixing with green jealousy. Dream is mercilessly fucking George as if his life depends on it. Every jab to George's prostate fuses another moan of bliss that filters into the air and settles over Dream's skin with a cursed litany of addiction. It makes every ounce of jealousy that's been built up from the very first moment he laid eyes on George dissipate into something unknown. How can he be jealous over someone who's screaming his name so wonderfully?

George begs for Dream to fuck him harder than he already is, begs for more until he's caught in a frenzy of overstimulation, thighs shaking, mind becoming muddled with the only word he seems to be able to know—Dream's name. And just as he's on the verge of coming for a second time,

Dream pulls out, which only has him whining and pleading for Dream to be back inside.

Dream lifts off George's thighs and turns him over, planting himself between tiny legs that still shake vigorously. He doesn't waste any time sliding back inside of George, fucking him at the same pace as before. He catches the slightest indentation of his cock poking from George's stomach, and that alone has Dream carving out this moment in his head to indulge himself in for days when he's alone. There's no jealousy anymore, nothing to accompany burdened feelings that are thrown out into the ocean to drown.

It seems to be better this way. Dream's eyes fall across the boy's pretty face that twists from the constant pleasure his body appears to endure beautifully. Tears glisten his cheeks, bright red casting over his face, and for a moment, Dream admits to himself that he loves how George is so much better than him. Loves that every burn of green, every ounce of hatred. If anything, Dream loves every iota of jealousy that he's endured for so long because it all led to *this*. It all led to George being a chaotic mess of broken moans from every rough thrust of Dream's hips.

His movements become sloppy, and he dips his head down to rest in the crook of George's neck. "Fuck, I'm gonna cum."

"Me, too," George whines, "i-inside, please. Cum inside me."

That's all it takes for Dream to spill, hip stuttering as he fills George up with his cum. George isn't far behind, coming over his stomach and dragging his nails down the length of the other's back hard enough to leave marks.

For a few seconds, nothing but hushed whines and heavy breaths fill the room before Dream pulls out, leaning back on his calves to watch how his cum leaks out of George. Though everything in his mind tells him not to, Dream swipes his thumb to gather the substance and holds it up to George's mouth. To which George accepts it without hesitance. George licks his thumb clean, keeping eye contact with Dream the entire time.

Dream leans down to kiss him without thinking, tasting the essence of his cum on George's lips. The kiss seems to say *'I'm sorry,'* with how tender it is. And if Dream didn't know any better, he would almost think it was loving in a way. (Maybe it is).

He falls asleep that night with blue guilt flaming through his body as George cuddles up to his side, only inflicting more emotions that will be dealt with when the sun comes up. Emotions that Dream isn't ready to take on.

And it should be expected that the morning would be different, but it isn't. If anything, it is substantially worse than before. Dream barely batted an eye towards George, barely said a word, and even flinched whenever George tried to talk to him, touch him even.

Maybe it's the events from last night—maybe Dream genuinely feels terrible for treating George like that. Like a doll to be tossed around and used until its own becomes bored of it. It wasn't right, and Dream knows it, but he'll never admit that to himself; he's too selfish to admit defeat. And even still, George is persistent, wanting to know what's wrong.

Dream doesn't talk. Packs his things in complete silence before storming out of the hotel room. His mind is confused, chaotic, bamboozled—everything. What he and George did last night was ultimately out of tune, unprofessional. And perhaps there isn't any jealousy to accompany Dream's being anymore. Just pure hatred towards himself for allowing it to happen, allowing his emotions to get the best of him, letting it slip to George in the form of purple shapes of his bruising hands, teeth, and tongue.

When he settles on the bus, untangling his headphones where they had knotted from sitting in his pocket, he feels different. It's not good, either. To think he had hurt George, used him for his own sexual needs, casts a dullness over his world. Dream didn't want to do that to George; it was never the plan.

But George liked it, right?

George begged for him, right?

He *feels* as though he's fucked up in some way, shape, or form. Almost because he has. Dream has fucked up, and he's fucked up majorly. Part of him wants to go back to the park, to the play, wants to go back to that brief moment of blissful silence where he hadn't felt that striking jealousy that caresses his skin with green marks.

*"Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?"*

George.

Dream wants to love George—wants to shower him in sorry's and kiss every jealous burn of last night away. But he can't. He's too fucking selfish for his own good.

"Dream?"

His focus calls over to the small voice that says his name so beautifully. George looks horrible. Purple hickey's barely peeking up from the collar of his shirt, his eyes are tired, hair messy and all over the place, and it only makes Dream feel worse.

"Please, leave me alone." The initial shock that falls across George's face is quickly replaced with that of hurt, and it makes Dream want to cry—makes him miss Patches' comforting presence. They were never going to talk about it; that much is obvious.

So yes, Dream is a jealous person—but maybe he can reconsider his ways—for George, at least.

Chapter End Notes

[millie's twitter](#)

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Summary

“I’ve been nothing but mean to you.” Dream says, the weak smile on George’s lips something that he’ll never be able to forget.

“I guess I’m just too forgiving.”

### Chapter Notes

Hi !! venus here, this is my chapter of the fic, i had so much fun writing this, writing with millie was genuinely so much fun and i love their writing !! and i hope you guys enjoy this chapter too !!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It’s when Dream takes the first step back into his house that it hits him.

Bags fall down onto the floor, Patches staring over from the windowsill with narrow, curious eyes, and Dream doesn’t think he has the energy to try and explain his mistakes to her; instead, he just collapses onto the couch and hopes she’ll wander over to sit on his lap and give some sort of comfort.

George is fine, he tells himself. Who cares if the last look he sent Dream before they went their separate ways was filled with confusion and hurt? He’ll be fine.

And if Dream were a better person, then he’d feel bad, he’d feel guilty for taking George in that way and then discarding him once he was done, but he’s not. He can’t feel guilty for something he’d do time and time again.

Knowing he’ll have to face George again still makes his insides crawl, because this isn’t something he can just ignore, he’ll have to walk back through the school halls with shame written on his face, pretending he doesn’t know what it’s like to hear George utter his name in sickly sweet prose while Dream pleasures him to the best of his ability.

Dream has never been a good person. He’ll cut off his own nose just to spite his face, he’ll take what he can get and not look back at who he hurts in the process, but something about this feels different.

It’s not guilt. It can’t be guilt.

George doesn’t deserve his sympathy, he’s a spoilt, stupidly pretty, photography teacher who doesn’t know when to mind his own business, he shouldn’t be allowed to crawl into Dream’s bed for one night and infiltrate his every thought since. So why does Dream let him?

With tired bones, Dream moves his hand up to brush hair out of his eyes, a faint smile tracing over

his lips when he watches Patches jump down to creep over to him. He's missed her, had his mom look after her on the days he was away, and it feels good to be back in his own house with his cat and his thoughts and no distractions in the form of his greatest fear.

Indescribable thoughts flash through Dream's mind, shivers crawling up his spine like vines that drag him down and force him to try and face the image of George sitting next to him with broken eyes and a meek expression. And he has to shake his head, try and stifle the blue flowers that grow in his chest as he lets out a long sigh.

"What do I do?" Dream mumbles, looking down at Patches on his lap, "Help me out here."

But Patches doesn't offer a response, giving a faint "meow" and stretching back.

"Thanks," Dream mutters.

At least he has the weekend — a few short-lived days to try and come to terms with a non-existent attraction towards his coworker and he just needs more time, but apparently, he's not allowed it. A frown makes its way onto Dream's face, the clothes he's wearing far too constricting for him to feel comfortable, so in an attempt to make himself feel better, he peels himself up off of the couch, retreating into his bedroom with his head hanging low.

All he needs is a good sleep, then the nightmare will be over.

Trepidation lingers at the tips of his fingers, stinging when he touches his door frame and wanders through. George isn't actually hurt, he knows what Dream's like, he knew what he was getting into when they spent the night together.

*So why can't he stop thinking about it?*

Cool air hits Dream's skin as he pulls off his shirt and throws it to the ground.

There's nothing to worry about. Everything will be fine.

Everything will be completely fine.

~

Things were definitely not fine.

It's on his desk when he walks in, bundled together with an amber ribbon holding a small note written in black, disgustingly fond handwriting — it's almost a sin that there's no lipstick stained kiss too. And at first, Dream wonders if it's some sort of gift from the kids, maybe something that tells him how much they enjoyed the trip, but he can recognise the scrawl, the corners of his mouth falling when he steps closer to see it properly.

"Who's it from?" One of Dream's students, Winter, asks, raising their eyebrows as if to say they already know the answer.

"None of your business," Dream mutters, grabbing the pack thoughtlessly and furrowing his eyebrows. It's light, paper jutting out from the sides with pretty colours swirling on the top, and Dream pulls the note off with a complete disregard for its fragility.

*Hi Clay! I managed to get the photos we took developed and I figured you'd like to see them, the trip was fun !! I hope I get to see you in between classes, we didn't really have a chance to talk after!*

-George

*Ps. you could probably take a few lessons from my class, the pictures are pretty bad :P*

A laugh bubbles up at the back of Dream's throat but he has to force it back down, trying not to let any emotions bleed onto his face because he knows there will be some students carefully watching him. Golden honey stains the sides of the images, Dream's eyes flicking over the edges and waiting too long before delving into the photo itself.

George is right, the photos are terrible. They're blurry, taken by shaky, inexperienced hands that were barely able to capture the image of the scenery around, yet right in the centre the image of the other teacher is focused, overshadowing all of his mistakes.

It makes him stop in a way that Dream hates, his breathing slowing as he studies the innocent expression on the other man's face. He's gorgeous, perhaps not fully prepared for the camera to capture his being but it doesn't stop him from looking like a deity amongst the natural world.

Emerald eyes stay glued to the picture for far too long, and when he gets home Dream wants to stick it to his fridge, have a constant reminder of the man he works with despite the hate-like feeling that'll flash through his body whenever he walks past it.

"Come on sir," Winter says again, leaning against their desk with a bored look, "What is it?"

"Just a few photos," Dream mutters, pulling open a drawer and throwing the items in just so he doesn't have to look at them for longer than necessary. "Right," he looks up, waiting for everyone's attention to be on him and for the loud chatter to die down, "I have information about auditions then."

~

He's not ignoring George exactly — just doing his best to never be in the same room as him.

It doesn't help that George is practically unavoidable, behind every door and in every hallway, and he's sure that the students aren't oblivious to his intent but it doesn't stop him from suddenly needing to leave the situation as soon as George becomes involved.

But since the world seems to hate him, Dream and George are constantly pushed in each other's direction, with Dream's class insisting they work with the photography class for play preparations.

And every day, when he walks into the college's staff room, there's a cup of coffee shoved underneath his nose despite his protests, and George stands in front of him with a smile, insisting that Dream looks tired and that he should take more care of himself. And every day, Dream refuses, resisting the urge to shove George to the floor and tell him to fuck off.

"You do look tired," one of his students will say when George wanders towards them with a flask in hand, and purple flames grow from the pit of Dream's stomach because why the fuck are they agreeing with George? And for a while, Dream expects this to be like this every day, George being persistent no matter how they haven't talked about what happened on the trip, but after a week everything stops.

In the mornings, George doesn't come to dip his head into the classroom, instead, he just lets his photography class wander in by themselves. He doesn't stick around long enough in the teacher's lounge for Dream to spot him walking out, and for some reason it makes Dream frown. A hollowness in the centre of his chest where George would normally sit.

The photos in his desk are a constant reminder of what he can never have, and he doesn't dare to go back to look at them, too scared of the thoughts that they'll drag to the surface.

Irritation runs yellow through his arteries, replacing any rational idea with complete idiocy. Dream will set up dates and times with his class, listening to complaints and grumbles about needing to audition for parts and he doesn't know what he's doing wrong.

And it's early in the morning, when Dream is walking to his first lesson, that he hears his name being spoken through a glass wall.

Curiosity gets the better of him, it drags him towards the room with his ears open and mind whirring. And Dream recognises it to be one of the photography classrooms — George's in fact

"I don't get it," a voice asks, slightly effeminate in tone, "He's a theatre teacher, what made him so miserable?"

"Lay off him," George's voice replies, "Being a teacher is stressful, Clay does the best he can."

"*Clay*," the student mocks, "Doesn't he hate that? He literally flinches when someone says it."

George hums, "I'm a special case,"

Their conversation dips low, getting harder for Dream to hear, so he has to step closer towards the closed door and rest his hand on the wall next to it in order to make things clearer.

"Just cut him some slack," George smiles, sounding as though he's leaning backwards, "He has a lot going on at the moment, he's just a little stressed."

"He's a bit of a dick," the student says, their shrug obvious in their tone.

The familiar sound of George's laugh rings through the air, stopping slowly while Dream forces himself not to press his ear up against the door, "I never said he wasn't, I mean, I can completely understand if you don't like him, sometimes I barely do."

The words make Dream's frown deepen, why the hell is George being so rude about him? To a student nonetheless. Is he trying to sabotage him or something? Dream blinks, trying not to storm in there and yell about how completely unprofessional George is being, but the more he thinks about it, the more he can understand where the other man is coming from.

Dream had abandoned him, he'd made George vulnerable and gave him hope only to completely rip it away, he'd refused to talk to him because he was too afraid of a bad reaction or something he wouldn't be able to control. But if George had wanted to talk about it so badly then he could have just asked, Dream's not someone he should be afraid to talk to.

Maybe he is.

"Clay?"

Dream's eyes dart to the side, settling on George who's standing just through the open door with a hazy look on his face. His arms are crossed in front of his chest, tone confused like the roaring of waves, and just behind him, the student who Dream can now clearly see wears a more amused expression.

"Are you here to talk?" George asks, "We were just finishing our conversation but I'm sure Laney here wouldn't mind leaving."



“Yeah of course,” Laney says, dropping something onto George’s desk before hanging her head down low as she walks out of the room, barely brushing past Dream as she goes.

Trying not to look too caught out, Dream picks his face back up, sparing a glance in George’s direction before averting his gaze to what’s been left on the desk.

“Oh,” George says, moving to grab Laney’s sheet of paper, “This is for you, she wants to help with the tech stuff for Romeo and Juliet but wasn’t sure how to apply so she asked me to give *you* this note.”

The paper is thrust forwards and into Dream’s hands, and he looks down to let his eyes scan over the jagged handwriting that shapes a polite request to be a part of the production.

“Why wouldn’t she give this straight to me?” Dream asks, but he knows the answer, he was listening long enough to figure it out.

“No reason,” George lies, “But it’s here now, give it a look when you can.”

A sickly sweet, honey-sewn smile rests on George’s lips, disgustingly pretty and loud enough to make Dream squirm. Dream doesn’t need to be lied to, he doesn’t need his feelings protected by some overzealous cunt with a camera. Coils of poison shoot sparks through his bones, making his expression twist into something ugly. It’s hard to tell if George is trying to protect his feelings or he’s making fun of him, but either way, Dream isn’t happy.

“Whatever,” he scowls, turning away from George’s prying eyes to disappear back through the door as though he was never there, “I have things to do.”

Fuck George. And fuck him even more for making Dream feel this way.

~

“Hey.”

Dream glances up from his desk, gaze hardening when he sees who’s standing by the door.

“What do you want, George?” he asks, shuffling papers in his hands. They’re finely printed, slips for people to sign up to audition for their performance of ‘Romeo and Juliet’ and Dream *had* intended on putting them up while everyone was away for the night, but apparently, George can’t even let him do that.

The other teacher smiles, standing by the door with his hands in his pockets and his sleeves pushed up to his elbows. And unsurprisingly, he doesn’t seem put off by Dream’s reluctance to talk to him. “Just came to check up on you,” George chirps, “I know you said it was all going swimmingly, but I wanted to see how the planning was going anyway.”

“It’s going fine,” Dream snaps, doing his best not to give George the attention he so desperately wants.

Black marker smudges on George’s arms, streaks of pen with dates and times that Dream can’t distinguish littering his pale skin, and apparently it’s not enough for George to just be a mess in the classroom, he has to make sure his disarray is painted on his body too. Awkwardness leaks onto George’s expression, a tension in the air that Dream knows would go away if George just left him alone.

“Oh, okay,” George mumbles, “Do you think you’ll need any help with auditions? It’ll probably be

hard to handle on your own.”

“I’ll get some of the students to help.”

“You know, I’m free most school nights,” George starts, and it sounds too much like the beginning to something that Dream isn’t going to like. “So I’m always available to help with anything you need.”

Dream frowns. “No.”

There’s a sadness settling on George’s face, a tight smile on his lips when he tries to push on, “Don’t be so quick with it,” he jokes, “I’m not that bad.”

“That’s the problem.”

“Come on,” George whines, playfully tilting his head and stepping further on into the room, “You didn’t mind hanging out with me on the trip.”

It’s said with a raise of George’s eyebrows, obviously intended to be a joke, but it doesn’t sound as light-hearted as it should, a foreign sense of bitterness lacing the words. Dream scowls because George shouldn’t be allowed to do that, he shouldn’t be allowed to just invade Dream’s space then try to guilt him into hanging out or whatever the fuck he wants.

And maybe the lack of empathy is a bad thing; Dream’s never been good at letting his own emotions sit to the side so he can think rationally first, but George makes him weak, causes him to doubt his own methods in places where he’d normally not even think twice. But bringing up the trip is a low blow, even for George.

“Shut up,” he bites.

He’s not even trying to hide the shake in his voice.

For quite possibly the first time in his life, Dream watches as George’s expression contorts into something unreadable — a fit of unbridled anger barely hidden behind a short smile and frowning eyes, and Dream doesn’t know if he likes the newfound intensity it brings, or if he’s scared of what the other teacher could do to him in this state.

“You know, I’m not stupid,” George spits, arms crossing in front of his chest, “I can understand when I’m not wanted, but apparently you can’t understand when you’re being an asshole.”

“What?” The outburst stuns Dream, makes his eyes widen and his fingers stop flicking through the printed sheets. And it’s not like he never knew that he was being rude, it’s just that he didn’t think that George would ever say it so bluntly. He takes a moment to collect himself, knitting his brows together and scoffing, “George just go away.”

“No,” George refuses, much to the others surprise, “We had sex Dream, okay big deal , but I’d prefer it if you didn’t fucking ignore me after, at least give me an explanation for whatever that was.”

“Don’t talk about it,” Dream frowns. He doesn’t need George bitching in his ear about things he already knows.

“You’re selfish,” George bites, “Immature even. All I do is try to help you out, and in return, you treat me like shit.”

There's no rebuttal in Dream's mind, George is right, but invisible blue ropes keep him tied to his chair, forcing him to sit still and keep his mouth closed instead of offering an apology like he knows he should.

"Do you not have anything to say?" George asks.

Dream shakes his head. The silence that it brings is unbearable.

"Are we really not going to talk about it?" George pushes, still not backing down. And this isn't the sweet little photography teacher that everyone knows, this is someone completely different, someone angry, bitter, and rightfully fed up. "We're meant to be professional Dream, how are we supposed to do anything when you barely even look at me?"

The words make Dream's blood boil. "Don't talk to me about being professional," he snaps, "It's your fault we fucked in the first place."

"My fault?" George's jaw hangs open, the look of disbelief on his face something that Dream would find amusing if it weren't for the situation he's seeing it in.

"Yes."

George huffs, "Well please enlighten me, *Clay*, how was it my fault?"

Anger dissipates, leaving red hues in the air around George's body, and things turn sour too quickly for Dream to know when to back down. "You wouldn't fucking shut up," he bites, still going despite the hurt on George's expression.

"So that meant you had to have sex with me?" George asks, more scornful than anything. He's still standing in place, not getting any closer to try and see if it'll make Dream crumble (it would).

Dream opens up his mouth, getting ready to try and say something that'd make him sound less like a dick and more as though he's in the right, like he's justified in what he's been doing, but George doesn't let him get that far, raising his palms slightly and shaking his head.

"Whatever," he mutters, "Sorry for interrupting you."

Dream frowns, setting the papers down on the table and throwing the other a glance, "Look, George—"

"No." George is already halfway out of the door, his back turned to the other with his arms back down to his sides. "I don't want to hear it."

He sounds hurt, more hurt than normal, and Dream knows that George is strong-willed, he's not weak and he can take things on the chin. And it's always been something that Dream has admired (or been jealous of), although he'll never say it to George's face.

"Fuck," Dream mutters once George has left the room.

It's not how Dream had intended on spending his night — arguing with George just because he doesn't know when to bite his tongue and accept that maybe he might not be the nicest of people. And Dream certainly doesn't feel good, he may not particularly like George but that doesn't mean he deserves to be chewed out for trying to be helpful.

Picking up the papers, Dream pushes his chair back. Getting up and onto his feet, he moves to grab his bag from behind his desk, slinging it over his shoulder as he moves. There's rain falling down

from the sky, loud and unabashed against the school windows, and he'd noticed it before, just as George had walked in, but now it's far more obvious and much less calming.

Hopefully, George will have gone by the time he leaves, and at the back of Dream's mind he knows that if he really wants to avoid seeing the other then he should probably wait a little longer before going, but rationality has never been his strong suit. Dream keeps the papers in his hands, posters that he had been excited about putting up now leaving paper cuts on blue fingers.

Haphazardly, he throws them into his bag, hoping his disarray won't ruin the print any more than it would by them being in the rain, and he curses himself for not bringing a coat, or a blazer, or anything that would actually shield him from the storm when he attempts to get towards his car.

He makes sure to give the lady at the front office a wave, lying through his teeth when he wishes her a good day and exits through the doors. He holds his arm up above his head as if it'll protect him in any way and frowns at the sky. Groaning, Dream tries to search his pockets to find his car keys, feeling his hair get wet and fall down in front of his eyes, barely letting him see, and his shoulders feel cold as water seeps through the material of his shirt and drenches him completely.

It's not odd for there to be storms this time of year, and normally Dream would be smart enough to bring a coat at least, maybe even an umbrella that on most days would just stay buried in the bottom of his bag. But of course, it's just his luck for the one day that he doesn't to be the day he needs it most.

Grey skies loom over him, the fact that the rain is only going to get worse with time hitting him when he sees dark light flicker through the clouds. It's a miserable day, and for some reason, Dream feels partly to blame.

Then just when he feels as though the universe has had it's fun, he takes a glance to his left, making eye contact with the one person he had wanted to "avoid".

"Shit," He hears George say, anger laced through his tone, "Are you sure?"

The rain has already got to him, made him cold and irritable and angry, and Dream can't help but wonder why he's just standing there and not driving home.

In a pathetic attempt to not make eye contact, Dream keeps his head low, scanning the whole area to try and find where he parked his car, and his eyes keep wandering over to where George is standing with his phone pressed to his ear.

"Then what am I meant to do?" Dream doesn't want to listen, but he can't stop himself from keeping an ear out as he opens up his car door. And by now George has noticed him, trying not to glance in Dream's direction and showcase his misery. "There's no way I'm walking home."

Dream dumps his things in the backseat, pulling down the mirror to try and see how bad his hair looks from being in the rain, even if it was for little time. He lets out a short breath, unable to stop himself from glancing to the side to see how George is holding up.

He feels bad, to say the least.

George looks as though he's been drowned, brown hair curling up at the edges to wrap around his ears and it's just like him to have forgotten a coat; the stupid lack of responsibility that Dream hates ever present in all of his actions.

A part of Dream finds it funny. A part of him wants to just leave George there, let him stand staring glumly at the wall and wait however long it may be in the pouring rain for him to get a

ride, but for some reason he can't bring himself to start up the engine.

Hands gripping the steering wheel, Dream tips his head back. He's not actually going to give George a ride, that'd be dumb, *but it would be the right thing to do*. Green eyes squeeze shut to try and be rid of the thought, but it doesn't work, Dream is still sat trying to decide whether or not his stupid fears are more important than letting his coworker freeze.

To make things worse, George has definitely noticed him, he's still talking into his phone, awkwardly trying to avoid eye contact and pretend that he does actually have a way of getting home and isn't just silently awaiting an invite.

And Dream may be able to see right through it, see the hopeful glint in his eye when George glances in his direction — but that doesn't mean he knows how to combat it.

Maybe he hates George, hates his laugh and his smile and the stupid piece of hair that won't stop falling down in front of his eyes no matter how many times he brushes it back. And that hatred may make his blood boil, ruin his lessons because all he can think about is how perfect George would look next to him with a grin on his face, but it doesn't mean he's willing to let him stay out here in the pouring rain.

Without his permission, Dream's fingers press down on the button for his window, the glass rolling down just slow enough for him to think about what he's doing but not long enough for him to really understand the weight behind his offer.

"George!" He calls, leaning slightly outside of his window to make himself heard over the repeated crashing of rain against concrete. It's loud, his words coming across much harsher than intended, and the way that the other man jumps and nearly drops his phone is more amusing than Dream would like to admit.

He doesn't even know if the other man will accept, he certainly wouldn't.

Confused, George's head snaps towards him, eyebrows furrowing when he sees Dream gesture him closer, and Dream knows that if it weren't for the fact that George is obviously stranded by himself, then his company definitely wouldn't be appreciated.

The look on George's face as he stalks over to him is murderous, blatant anger visible in just the way he walks.

"What?" he spits, voice not sickly sweet with honey any more, dark, biting scorn replacing his tone instead. And even though he was expecting it, the harsh tone still makes Dream shudder, and it's only made worse by the fact that George doesn't even sound angry, just understandably tired of his bullshit.

"Get in," Dream says, gesturing to the seat next to him and trying not to make it sound too much like an order.

With cold eyes, George crosses his arms, a pathetic attempt to look in control even with water falling down past his eyes. "Are you serious," he asks.

Dream nods. "Yes"

And George should say no. He should keep up the angered tone and treat Dream like he deserves to be treated — with harsh, biting words and unimpressed glances, because maybe that would finally teach him not to be such a dick all the time.

But it's George, he's sweet and pretty and far too forgiving, and in a situation like this, where the only person willing to lend him a hand is Dream, he's bound to say yes.

"Thank you," George mumbles. With his head low, he manoeuvres around to the other side of the car, pulling open the door and hesitating before stepping in.

His bags go down first, the camera he prizes so much having been discarded in one of them, and Dream doesn't even know how it's possible for a photography teacher to carry so much to school and back. He's drenched too, the sound of water hitting the smooth material of Dream's chairs and making him flinch. Dream will probably have to clean it later, get the rainwater out of his car before it gets damp and grows some type of mould, but for now he'll just focus on getting George to wherever he needs to go safely.

Ignoring the other, Dream's fingers move to roll up the window, tension wracking through his body. And for some reason he feels nervous, like the pit of his stomach is heavy and all consuming, and for a while, he doesn't say anything, wondering if George is going to question a sudden change in attitude.

"I'm not happy about this," George sighs, "But I need a ride home and you're the best I'm going to get."

The words sting slightly, and although Dream has no place in saying that George has hurt him, he'll still wallow in self pity for a while until his ego's replenished. George's fingers tap against the side of the door, blue anger radiating from his body which he unsuccessfully tries to hide. And Dream attempts to sneak a glance, stare over at the raindrops that fall down George's cheeks, slow like tears of sadness, but he fails at going unnoticed, letting his eyes wander unabashedly while his mind thinks back to the trip.

The way that George had melted underneath him, submissive and loud and so, so responsive — and it feels like a dirty thought, especially now with George sitting next to him with nowhere else to go, but it's probably the first time he's let himself think about what they've done and how fucked he really left things between them.

"So are you going to ask where I live?" George asks, silence shattering.

When he thinks about it, the sky has always been this grey. Even without the pouring rain and the clouds parting to let down wracks of thunder and misery. And back in Miami there were few moments where it wasn't like this, moments where George would ramble and Dream would pretend to care, but now even that would be preferable to the tension in the air between them.

"Oh." Dream's hand moves to his pocket immediately, feeling around for his phone which he swipes open before handing to George. "Put in your address."

Quietly, George does as he's told, handing it back to Dream once he's done and lacing his own fingers together to hold his own hand on his lap. It's cute, makes Dream smile before he shifts his eyes away in embarrassment. It's rude to stare, he thinks.

"That's far," Dream says aloud and George nods.

"Will that be a problem?"

*Yes.*

"No."

It's too far, Patches will be getting restless or hungry, and in all honesty, Dream wants to kick George to the curb right now and pretend he'd ever even offered him a ride, but the guilt that gnaws at his insides makes him stupidly vulnerable to whatever surprise that George could spring on him.

It's a moment of silence, followed by the engine of the car jumping to life under Dream's hands, and it's suffocating them both — air filling Dream's lungs until he wishes he hadn't offered George a ride in the first place. All partly because of how they aren't even talking about it, how they're acting as though 15 minutes before they weren't at each other's throats.

There's something tense in the atmosphere, George tilting his head to one side to stare out of the window and anywhere but Dream, and it'd be a lie for Dream to say it doesn't hurt a little, because no matter how stupidly annoying that George can be, listening to his honey-like voice is better than nothing.

The car moves slowly, too slow. With long streets only passing by after what feels like eons, and Dream's hands stay stuck to the steering wheel, never moving or going to check anything else with the fear of accidentally brushing his palm against George's too far at the front of his mind.

And after a second, Dream hears George groan, his eyes flicking to the side in an attempt to figure out the problem. But he doesn't get to speak, George cutting him off before he can get there with a short, "What's wrong?"

Even though it shouldn't, it still catches Dream off guard. Hesitating, he readjusts in his seat, "My cat," he settles on, "She's probably getting lonely."

"You have a cat?" George asks, genuine curiosity laced through his tone.

"Yeah," Dream says, "Patches."

It's odd. They aren't talking about it, and Dream can't tell if that's preferable or it feels as though they're pushing something important to the side. Everything seems wrong, but Dream isn't doing anything to stop it.

"You didn't mention her on the trip," George notes, obvious in the way he's pushing spite out of his voice.

"You didn't need to know."

It's all so forced, even from Dream's lips, strained anger coming of a weak throat. George hums, the way his hair starts to dry forming little curls over his forehead that Dream wants to admire for as long as George will let him. George is pretty, and smart, and far too good for Dream and sometimes it's hard to tell if that's the real reason why he feels so much hatred towards him.

Eyes back on the road.

"Do you need to go feed her?" George asks.

"Would you mind?"

George leans against the window, head lightly touching the glass. "I don't care."

It may not be a yes, but Dream still appreciates it.

They're plunged back into silence, George offering no words and Dream doing nothing about it.

The rain never ceases, dripping down the car windows and leaving clear streaks in its place, and it's dismal, makes Dream's chest tighten (although he can't quite tell if it's because of weather or the man next to him).

Slender fingers tap on the glass, making distinct sounds that drag Dream out of his own mind every other second. And although it may be annoying, Dream doesn't want to start another argument by biting out harsh words that he doesn't really mean.

Long, straight roads stretch out for miles, wrapping around occasional corners that Dream follows idly. Directly in front of his face, Dream's breath fans out in harsh puffs, white clouds forming after every exhale. He almost takes a wrong turn, distracting himself with regrets and unforgivable actions until he's wondering why George hasn't just slapped him and sat out in the rain in protest.

The familiarity of his street makes Dream smile and George, noticing the change, picks his head up.

"Are we here?" He asks, glancing at Dream out of the corner of his eye.

Nodding, Dream slows down, setting into his usual parking spot with ease. "Yes."

There are few cars on the road, most not wanting to drive in this weather, and it means that the houses are all lit up from the inside, blinds pulled down to try and hide the reality.

The whirring of the engine gets turned off quickly, heat escaping the car at a rapid pace, and Dream is hesitant to get out, not wanting to be plunged under the dark sky for a second time. "Are you coming in," he asks George, "It'll only take a few minutes but you'll be cold without the engine running."

A smile flickers over George's face, red hues running over his skin in little swirls that catch Dream's eye. "I'll come," George hums, but Dream can see his eyes turn down when he looks at the path they'll be taking.

"Here," Dream offers, grabbing his bag from the backseat, "Hold this over your head to stay dry."

"Will that even work?" George questions, taking it anyway and truthfully, Dream doesn't know, but still it's better than nothing.

Collecting spare papers in his hand, Dream unbuckles his seatbelt, hearing George do the same, and he waits a moment with his palm on the handle before he swings the door open and gets out as quickly as he can.

It's a rush to the house, rain ruining their clothes even more and when they finally reach it, Dream fumbles with the key, unable to unlock the door with embarrassment flushing his cheeks. He can feel his hair get puffy and shield his forehead but the struggle makes George laugh so the humiliation is worth it.

"Shove over," George says eventually, bumping the keys out of Dream's hand with a giggle. He unlocks the door himself, rolling his eyes in a way that doesn't seem angry. George's laugh is light and airy, and it's different to the way he laughed on the trip, less filled with honey and more with a careless breeze that Dream wants to hear over and over again.

Their shoulders bump as they push through the door. Dream can feel rainwater running down his forehead in small droplets, the hairs on the back of his neck standing up to try and keep in the warmth and a shiver wracks through his body, the cold, previously unoccupied house not fit for company at the time.



“I’ll turn the heating on,” Dream suggests, waiting for George to hum and nod in agreement before setting off to do so, “You look cold.”

Their clothes are wet — that’s undeniable, and the coldness of the air only makes things worse as their shirts start to cling to their skin. It’s uncomfortable to say the least, and Dream half considers just taking it off and throwing it to the side. It’s made his trousers feel tighter too, sticking to his legs and rolling up to form little bumps that’ll be flattened out with an iron whenever he can be bothered.

Hovering by the door, George places the bag down and wanders cautiously into the room. His hands stay by his side, face blank as he waits for Dream to say something. And Dream already misses the small smile that he’d seen on George’s face just before.

Maybe it is guilt, that’s what runs thick through his veins, and once Dream has finished flicking the heating on, he turns to face George and asks, “Do you think you’ll need something clean to wear?”

“No,” George says.

Not satisfied, Dream continues, “Well, do you want something hot to drink?”

“I’m good.”

“Maybe a towel-”

“Dream, I’m fine.” George shrugs, a tight lipped smile on his face, and even though Dream doesn’t believe it, he stops.

With a small noise, Patches appears from around the corner, sulking back when she sees the unfamiliar presence by the door. Each step she takes is small as she wanders towards Dream, meowing softly when he kneels down to scoop her up into his arms.

‘Put me down,’ Patches implies, batting at his arm with a single paw, but Dream waits for a moment before following instruction, “Hey baby,” he mumbles, voice sugary sweet and soft, “You cold too?”

Umber eyes burn into the back of Dream’s skull, and he can feel George’s words lingering unspoken in the air. *Why is he staring?* Dream’s mind screams. *Why does everything have to feel so awkward?*

“What?” Dream asks. Hesitation laces through his tone, forcing his words to come out broken and defensive — and he shouldn’t be the defensive one, scared to speak, if anything that should be George who feels as though saying anything could ruin his relationship with Dream even further.

“Nothing,” George quips, “It’s just, I’ve never seen you this soft before.”

“Oh,” Dream breathes, “I guess Patches just brings out a different side of me.”

It’s said with a short laugh, trying to tear through the tension in the room and make them both feel light, but it doesn’t seem to work. George’s shoulders don’t drop and Dream’s heavy breathing doesn’t cease.

“It’s cute,” George mutters.

Dream can’t find the right words to explain his thoughts, so instead of answering, he makes sure

that Patches is settled comfortably on the countertop and goes to grab the cat food he stores in one of the cupboards. Nose wrinkling at the smell, Dream tips it out, setting a small bowl in front of Patches and waiting for her to lean into it. And he places a hand on her back to give her a small pet before looking over at George.

“So do you want me to take you back now?” he asks.

The look George sends him is murderous.

“Are we really not going to talk about it?” He bites, although it’s not the same tone Dream had heard before, it’s tired and desperate and so painful to listen to.

“What?”

“You know what I mean?” There’s a pause. “The trip?”

“I don’t know what you want me to say,” Dream lies, because that’s all he can do. *Deny, deny, deny.* He’s pathetic, he can’t own up to his mistakes and George has to be the one to get the short end of the stick.

“You’re jealous of me,” George states, and it’s not a question, in fact it’s far from it, but Dream still feels the need to try and disagree. “And for some reason that makes you feel as though you have to treat me as if I’m the worst thing that’s ever happened to you because of it.”

“I don’t do that,” Dream complains. Blue ribbons wrap around his fingertips.

“You do!” George exclaims, his voice tearing when it gets higher. This isn’t how Dream had wanted this to go, he was meant to be doing something nice, making it up to George for the argument they had had back at the college, so why isn’t it going the way he wants? “And when we had sex, I thought that something would change, but it didn’t, why not?”

No words leave Dream’s throat. It is guilt. It can’t be anything but guilt that makes him so choked up, and maybe for a while he could pretend that he doesn’t feel ashamed of acting so petty, but now it’s undeniable.

“You ruined me,” George continues, “You made me feel like I was always doing something wrong, and the worst part was, I didn’t care because I was still spending time with you.”

George’s shoulders never fall, his forehead never uncreases, he’s confident in his words and it makes Dream shiver.

“I-,” he stutters, “George please.”

“Say sorry,” George demands.

“I’m sorry, George.”

Words tumble from his lips without disinclination.

“Now tell me why you did it.” George orders, “Tell me why you wanted to hurt me.”

*I wanted to be you. I wanted you by my side and I couldn’t have you so I settled on making you feel as though you were worthless when you’re not. I’m sorry. I’m sorry for everything.*

The answer seems hard to verbalise, and after a moment of silence it seems as though he isn’t going to say anything, which prompts George to place his hands on his hips and keep up his stare.

He can't just not answer. Dream knows that. But the walls he'd so carefully constructed can't come down on their own. Maybe George has been tugging on the corners for a while, attempting to tear down each brick and leave Dream defenceless for months now, and perhaps it's working, because for a moment, Dream shrugs the weights off of his shoulders, looking at George through rose tinted glasses.

"I was jealous," he mumbles, doing his best not to trip over his words. "I hurt you and I regret it. I never thought about how you felt."

George lets him speak.

"You're perfect, George. You're smart and you're pretty and everybody likes you. I put in so much work getting the students to like me and they don't, and I get angry and I'll break things and I'm a bitch to the people I like, and you're, you're fucking—"

"Stop it."

"No, George, let me say I'm sorry," Dream pleads, desperation on the tip of his tongue. "I'm sorry for hurting you, I'm sorry for abandoning you, I'm sorry for thinking I could just walk all over you and get away with it. I'm sorry."

"Dream, stop."

White flags wave from the opposite side of the room, no malice in George's eyes as he shakes his head and takes a short breath.

"What?" Dream asks. "Let me apologise."

"I'm not mad at you," George admits, lips pressed together. "You may be insufferable sometimes but I'm not mad at you."

"Why?"

Quiet footsteps patter across the floorboards. George's eyes seem to get brighter when he looks into Dream's, and he's getting close, leaving barely any space between their bodies. Although his mind screams at him to, Dream doesn't step back, letting George do whatever he wants while he stands immobilised in front of him.

George hums, glancing up at nothing before looking back to him.

"Maybe I like you too much," he wonders aloud. It's soft and sweet and Dream doesn't deserve it but he'll take the forgiveness anyway. He'll take and he'll take and he'll take, and right now he can let himself feel bad but also acknowledge that this isn't just his own selfish desires — it's George's too.

"I've been nothing but mean to you." Dream says, the weak smile on George's lips something that he'll never be able to forget.

"I guess I'm just too forgiving."

Earnest lies behind his eyes, fondness sitting beside slight fear, and Dream is a jealous person yes, but who wouldn't feel envy when looking at an angel and knowing they can never be as good.

Maybe it's not real envy, perhaps when he looks into it more it's thinly veiled emotions mixed with a need to be recognised by someone he admires. It shouldn't be normal for his heart to beat so fast

when he sees George standing in front of him, and his mind shouldn't drift to think of what the other man is doing when he's sitting alone and trying to grade papers. So maybe it's not jealousy exactly, but the feeling still makes his blood run faster through his veins.

"That's not a good thing," Dream sighs, "You're meant to be mad at me. I ignored you for days, I fucked with your head, you're not supposed to still want me."

George pauses, amber eyes flickering over Dream's face momentarily, "Are you sorry?"

Of course he is.

"Of course I am," Dream says without hesitation, and George's smile tells him more than he could ask for. He follows the other's eyes over to the window, watching the pitter patter of water hitting the ground, and Patches lies curled up on the windowsill, tail tucked up and wrapping around her body. She looks comfortable, at least more so than Dream, but that mustn't be hard.

Slender fingers reach out to trace over Dream's cheekbone, thumb leaving hesitant blue marks over the pale skin.

"It's still raining," George says dumbly, feigned ignorance written over soft features, "I can only imagine it'll get worse before nightfall."

"I know."

"Then why aren't you driving me back?" asks George. He's pretty, even with water running down his forehead and his shirt sticking to his skin, white material turning damp and almost clear against his torso. And he knows the answer, it'd be impossible for him not to, but still he insists on hearing Dream say it. "Surely you don't want to drive in a storm."

Silence rings through the air, Dream's lack of response evident against George's pointed gaze.

"You can say it Dream," he assures, keeping the side of Dream's face in his palm. "Nothing's stopping you."

But still, he hesitates, not wanting his admission to sound forced or ingenuine because George has only ever been nice to him even when Dream hasn't deserved it.

"I'm jealous of you," Dream admits, and it's not the first time he's confessed this but it's the first time he's been careful enough to know exactly why he's saying it. "I want people to like me the way they like you."

The smile on George's face is charming. "They do. You're just too focused on me to see it."

It's not as though George is wrong, in his own head the only real thing that matters is what George is doing, how he's running his class, or how many of the students think he's doing a good job, maybe even what shirt he's wearing, so it's not a lie that he gets distracted easily, but he'd never thought it'd get in the way of his own perception of things.

"But you're *you*," Dream says, fond words coming out even more sickly sweet than intended, "How do I live up to that?"

"You be you," George offers, "And maybe try to be a little nicer when I offer you coffee."

"I don't like coffee."

“Shocking.”

It makes Dream bark out a laugh, shaking his head as he looks at the man that stands in front of him.

“You’re too nice,” Dream mumbles, his hands holding onto George’s hips and keeping them trapped within each other’s grasp. And George doesn’t answer, giving a light shrug and a meek smile.

The storm still hasn’t let up, and it’s barely the time of year for something like this but Dream’s not going to question it, he’s never been one for understanding the chemistry behind things. He half wants to drag George back out there, kiss him breathless in wet clothes and helpless desperation, but that probably wouldn’t be a good idea, it’d only make him even more hopelessly infatuated with his coworker.

“Do you want to kiss me?” George asks as though he’s reading his mind. He pulls his bottom lip between his teeth. And standing like this, Dream can imagine just how pretty he’d look with the same wide, begging eyes while he’s bare chested and singing Dream’s praises. “Because I want to kiss you.”

“How could I not?”

The words Dream utters are short, blunt and straight to the point, and he watches something akin to flushed endearment flash through George’s features for a half second while he tugs Dream’s jaw down to pull them even closer together. Warm breath ghosts across Dream’s face, and he wants nothing more than to lean down and close the gap between them but he still can’t do it.

“I liked last time,” George says, as though he’s trying to calm the other’s nerves. “Don’t hold yourself back.”

Dream’s still pushing a gap between them, nervousness coming off as reluctance. “What about your papers?”

George can see right through him, scratch the jealousy off the surface and see the tenderness underneath, the constant need to be the best, something he’ll never understand but will attempt to anyway.

“They can wait.”

George tilts his head up, the hand on Dream’s jaw getting firmer until it’s dragging their lips together and all Dream can do is go along with it.

The kiss isn’t slow, but it’s calculated. With George guiding their movements for a second before Dream can even decide on what to do with his hands.

He settles for keeping them on George’s waist, leaning down to keep them connected at all times, and their noses bump as they try to keep everything together, drag this out for as long as possible.

George is vocal, responsive, and Dream likes him like that, he likes the way he lets out little whiny breaths against his lips when Dream presses down deeper and tries to take his words away. Maybe it’s not as aggressive as their first kiss (and maybe that’s not the worst thing) but it’s certainly just as heated, teeth knocking together as Dream attempts to bite down on George’s bottom lip just to make him moan.

Their first time wasn’t like this, their first time Dream wasn’t as focused on making George feel

good. Now it's all he can think of. He wants to make George shake, make him moan and see if he'll beg for more and more even though Dream would hand him anything he ever asks for – and Dream has never considered himself a dacryphiliac, but now all he wants is to make George's face wet with pretty tears that spawned from pure pleasure.

It's dirty, so erotic, and Dream would almost feel bad for thinking these things about his coworker but the pretty little noises that George lets out that make it so worth it.

They're probably breaking some kind of code, some clause in his job description that specifically states that these kinds of interactions are frowned upon, but Dream can't bring himself to care, not when the most perfect man he's ever met is clinging so desperately onto his shirt.

His tongue slips into George's mouth, wet heat opening up and letting him do whatever he likes. A part of him wants George to try and take control, make him apologise for everything he's done wrong by letting George sit on his dick and teach him exactly how to stop and be good. The thought makes his cock jump to attention.

Maybe not tonight, if George lets him, maybe they'll fulfill whatever other dirty fantasies they both have some other time. And even if he wants to, Dream doesn't think he'd be able to hold back and let George take the reins, he's too worked up with thoughts of George under him, wide eyed and beautiful, to think of sitting and being quiet.

Kissing could almost become boring, but George doesn't let it, sucking lightly on Dream's tongue and using one of his hands to massage the side of his face to keep him focused.

Dream makes sure to put everything into it too. With George tasting different to how he had before, like mint and roses and there's something so pristine to the way that George kisses that Dream can't quite put a finger on. He wants to show George how good he can be, and he'll treat him right, stare into his eyes while they fuck and make sure George knows that this isn't like the other time. This is real.

Their noses bump, George giggling softly and pressing cold fingers underneath Dream's shirt to make him flinch.

"Idiot," Dream mumbles, so laced with fondness that his voice sounds foreign to even his ears.

George ignores him though, raking the tips of his fingers across the long expanses of his torso, dipping into the crevasse and painting them with his touch. "Will you fuck me?" George asks, pressing their lips back together in between words.

Dream doesn't deserve to, he's been too horrible to deserve even being in the same proximity as George, but he finds himself nodding along anyway, because he's nothing if not selfish.

Rushed hands go to the buttons of George's shirt, pulling damp material off his body as quickly as they can, yet Dream's fingers can't seem to be able to do it, their kiss distracting him far too much. "Yes," he says eventually, groaning as George's touch gets harder, turning to nails digging into his skin and leaving red trails in their place.

Knocking Dream's hands away, George leans back, moving to take his own shirt off, because apparently Dream is too useless to do anything for himself.

Dream doesn't let him stray too far though, attaching his lips to his neck immediately and pressing his tongue against the skin. He doesn't bite, merely letting his teeth scrape over the spots he knows to be sensitive and revelling in the way it makes George whimper. There's something self-serving

about his kisses, how he's choosing not to make marks in places that'll be hard to cover even though he's sure George won't mind, just because he doesn't want anyone to know they were from him.

But Dream's always been somewhat possessive, it comes with the jealous streak, and if George decides that this isn't just a one time thing, that Dream is deserving of him even after being such a dick, then Dream will make sure to leave red love bites on his neck on their off days, press red lips to the side of his jaw and make it hard for him to hide what's going on behind the scenes.

"Fuck," Dream mutters against the shorter's skin, "George, let me." He helps George shrug off his shirt, pale stretches of milky skin getting exposed more and more after each second. Pen still covers George's arms, half washed off with the rain and intangible, but neither of them are thinking about it.

The shirt gets thrown to the floor, material that definitely won't be dry by the morning if they both leave it there. But still, Dream can't force himself to think about the morning when George is standing shirtless in front of him.

George has always been pretty, and deep down Dream has always known why everyone likes him so much, it'd be hard not to. And although Dream managed to put on a front for so long, he's fine with letting the walls fall so he can give George the attention he's entitled to.

"Hurry up," George whines, pulling on the front of Dream's shirt. His hands slide back up the material as Dream goes to unbutton it himself. Making quick work of the task and going back to sliding his palms around George's skin.

The touch is cold, George flinching before finally melting into Dream's grip, and his skin is still slightly damp, the rain still clinging onto him. Maybe Dream should have offered him a warm shower and a fresh change of clothes before touching him like this, but there's always time for that later.

Groaning, George tips his head back. "Where's your bedroom?" he asks, feeling Dream's mouth on his collarbone and gasping breathily.

They're still half clothed, and Dream can feel his cock start to get hard, pressing against his boxers when George lets out a soft sound. "Upstairs," he groans, and he wonders if he could just carry George there, make him jump up into his arms and push him against a wall before grinding against him then dragging him to his room. And if it weren't for the way that Dream's hands shake and George moves so much that it's not even certain if he'd be able to keep still under Dream's grasp, then he would do it.

"Come on," George orders, demanding and mock anger in the words. Dream nods, letting George drag him wherever he wants.

The shorter turns around, lets Dream press his hips up against his ass and place a palm on his stomach to keep them close.

"Fuck," Dream mumbles, the friction from George's body making his mind feel light. He can't stop himself from grinding against the body in front of him, leaning forwards slightly and not letting the other walk away.

Breaths come out in jagged pants, hands never stopping their roaming as they trip towards Dream's bedroom, and George's pale skin flashes in front of Dream's eyes when he breaks away for a second to fumble with the zipper on his pants.

“Here,” Dream says against the shell of George’s ear, his lips brushing over the skin. He grabs the door handle, twisting then pushing it open to reveal the dark sheets of his bed and his messy state of being.

The room’s dark, flashes of light drifting in from the open window, and Dream’s hands guide George’s hips towards the bed, warm skin pressing together as they move. Impatient, George spins around, looping his arms around Dream’s neck to pull him back down into a bruising kiss.

The backs of George’s knees hitting the bed frame is like a wakeup call, it makes Dream’s mind spring back to attention as he places a hand down on soft sheets and settles over George’s body. Cherry red lips bite at Dream’s until they’re swollen, pulling out small moans with expert precision.

Dream lets himself be dragged up further, George’s still covered legs spreading apart to accommodate his body. And Dream, filled with yellow impatience, reaches a hand between them to pull at the waist of George’s pants.

“Don’t stop,” George whines, when Dream breaks their kiss to pull George’s legs together and drag down his pants. The dark material comes off with little struggle and the sight of alabaster skin next to black sheets makes Dream groan. His hand wraps around George’s thigh as his head drops down, his own pants feeling tiger by the second. And George is cold, so, so cold.

Blue ice trails across his skin, Dream attempting to give him strength by attaching his mouth to the spots where his fingers had rested. George’s legs shake with the cold, cerulean undertones poking out as Dream’s teeth scrape over his thighs, red marks that’ll bloom purple later growing on his skin.

He’s gorgeous, something to be worshipped, Dream thinks, and last time his own pleasure was his main focus but now things are different, he can give George the same pleasure without the pain it brought after. Frantic movements mean George’s underwear are on the ground within seconds, finding animosity amongst Dream’s mostly clear floors.

Letting wet lips trail over the marks, Dream drops his head down to George’s hip bones, watching the way they poke out of the skin when George writhes, and he can’t stop himself from pressing a soft kiss against the skin, biting and making sure his fingers leave indents on George’s waist while he stays there.

“Dream,” George whimpers, back arching in an impossible bend, “What are you doing? Hurry up.”

It’s an order, something demanding that Dream has half a mind to berate him for, but he’s desperate too and stopping to tell George off for something he’s sure to do a thousand more times seems worthless. Euphoria makes Dream’s fingers shake as he reaches for his belt, undoing it with imprecision then discarding it on the floor. And George’s hands reach down hopelessly to give a feeble attempt at helping.

He strips off in seconds, trying not to make the other man wait, and as soon as he’s done George is back to allowing his hands to roam over his chest, uncut nails leaving slight red trails on cold skin.

“Fuck.”

George’s head is pressed to his pillow, reshaping the dent that Dream’s spent his entire life forming. Sea green eyes follow his every move, watching pleasure flash across his body when Dream holds his waist and presses him down to get a better look. There are so many things they could do, and Dream’s mind flicks through all of them, images of George on his back or on his



side making him groan, and he settles on something eventually, feeling himself being watched as he snaps back to reality.

He moves to grab a bottle of lube, rummaging through the contents of his cupboard before finally settling on the half full bottle.

“Turn over,” Dream says once he’s back in position and tapping on George’s side.

Dejection makes itself clear on George’s expression. “I want to look at you,” he says, pink washing over his nose as he speaks, practically unnoticeable but Dream’s studying him so carefully it’d be impossible to miss.

“You will,” he promises, “Just for now, okay?”

Grumbling, George rolls onto his stomach and Dream has to shuffle back so he can see him fully.

“Fuck,” Dream mumbles. He’s straddling the back of George’s legs, running his eyes along the slope of his back and slapping him lightly on the ass. It jiggles slightly, making Dream’s eyelids hang low, and he can’t help but squeeze and spread George’s asscheeks apart a bit more, staring down at his pretty pink hole. “God, you’re perfect.”

“Shut up,” George chuckles, feeling the weight on the backs of his thighs get lifted. His hips are pulled up so he’s face down with his ass in the air, shoulders still touching the bed as Dream pulls his legs apart.

It’s an exposing position, allowing Dream to see everything and he doesn’t take it for granted. Popping open the lube bottle, Dream squeezes some of the cool liquid onto his fingers, watching George shudder at the sound. Without giving him the chance to really prepare, Dream presses his index finger against George’s hole, watching it shake as George’s body tries to get used to the temperature.

He’s so open, ready and waiting for Dream to press in, and it makes a sick part of Dream that wants to be wanted more than anything disgustingly happy. “Don’t tease,” George grumbles, “Put it in.”

For a second, Dream debates dragging it out, he debates keeping one finger in that position until George breaks, letting out sobs and broken moans as he begs for Dream to fuck him properly, but he’s seen that before. He’ll never forget the wide, pleading eyes and perfect noises, and one day he’ll fuck George in the same mean fashion, snapping his hips until George cries and his legs can’t move so he’s begging for Dream to give him his orgasm — not now though.

The first finger is met with resistance, George’s body tight and hot around him, and Dream can’t wait to have his cock in there. He gets harder at the thought of George gasping like this while sitting on his dick, the way he’d squirm and try to move his hips against him but be too drunk on the feeling to put up a deserving attempt.

Making sure to keep his finger moving at a steady pace, Dream hears George’s quiet whimper echo throughout the air, curling his finger to try and hear it again. Wet lube trails down his fingers, making his knuckles slippery as they brush over George’s skin, and it’s either the cold nature or the way that Dream keeps trying to search around to find his prostate that makes him hiss.

“So good,” Dream whispers, not quite sure if George is even meant to hear it.

After a while, George’s starts to rock his hips back, trying to fuck himself on Dream’s finger, and Dream lets him, although the part of his brain that wants to make George follow his every order is tempted to hold him down and stop him from taking anything that Dream isn’t directly giving him.

He works George open, groaning when he feels the other's muscles shake as he brushes over a sensitive pad of nerves. Thighs trembling, George whimpers; a soft "*there*, right there" tumbling from his open mouth. They could go like this forever, Dream would choose to sit right behind George with a hand on his hips for as long as it takes to make George happy, and a sudden idea flashes through his mind.

Teeth biting down onto his bottom lip, Dream draws his finger out, watching George clench around nothing and let out a pleased noise. "Why?" he questions, forehead pressed against the pillow. And his whole body has started to warm up under Dream's touch, no longer icy blue and returning to a natural pink flush.

Dream holds back a laugh, squeezing George's ass one more time as he moves back. "Trust me."

Dipping his head down, Dream moves to spread George open, watching intently as his hole clenches around nothing in anticipation. After a second he blows cool air over George's hole, hearing a sharp intake of breath ahead of him.

"What are you- *ah*- "

Dream's tongue pushes past his entrance, thrusting in and out with fast and calculated moves. He revels in the high pitched whine that falls from George's throat, stiffening his tongue and using it to fuck George with the upmost precision.

"Fuck," George gasps, "So good Dream, so good."

Making sure to put his jaw into it, Dream groans, the taste of George hot on his tongue. His hands wrap firmly around George's thighs, keeping him in place and unable to move from the pleasure, and with each muffled whine that George lets out, Dream's cock gets even harder.

It's all made better by how responsive George is. Strings of praise fall from his lips, a honey like voice unable to mumble anything other than incoherent words of pleasure. George's rim is slick with spit that drips down Dream's chin, making a mess between their bodies that neither really care about, and he fucks George on his tongue until his thighs shake and attempt to squeeze together.

"You like that?" Dream asks, voice low and gravelly. "It sounded like you did."

Even now, it's a struggle to keep the cockiness out of his tone, but George doesn't seem to mind, letting out a soft mewl.

"*Yes* ," he chokes, "Yes, please don't stop, *fuck Dream* ."

Dream obliges happily, using both hands to spread George open and let his tongue trace over his rim.

"Oh god," George gasps. His hands squeeze the dark sheets of Dream's bed, pale skin twisting in dark grey-black material. Everything about him is beautiful, from the moans he lets out to the way he sits so prettily face down on Dream's bed, and the only way that Dream can repay him for it is by treating him right with his tongue.

He barely has any patience, fucking into him with his jaw aching, and it's a struggle to stop himself from reaching down and getting himself off on George's noises. His cock aches, a need to be touched painful and at the centre of his mind, and he barely registers the way that George starts to pant and gasp out, "*Close, Clay please, I'm so close* ."

Hands tighten around George's thighs, pulling him back onto Dream's tongue, and for a moment,

Dream is sure that George thinks his orgasm is close, that Dream will actually give it to him.

“No ,” George sobs, fisting the sheets. “No, no *please*, I’m close.”

Cackling, Dream leans back, a light slap resounding in the air as he gropes George’s ass again. “Shouldn’t have added the lube first,” he mutters, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

Beneath him, George laughs, “Fuck you.”

It’s light, makes Dream smile and he’s so glad they could do this again, that he didn’t fuck up enough for George to hate him forever.

The lube is back within Dream’s hands in seconds, cap open and drizzling onto his fingers to make them wet. Two fingers are pressed straight to George’s entrance, pushing in impatiently and moving easily with the help of the lube and Dream’s spit.

He scissors his fingers apart, working George open as quickly as he can. And thankfully, George doesn’t mind, moaning obscenely and jerking back against Dream’s hand. Two fingers stretch George so wonderfully, they keep him open and pliant and he looks so happy being full like this that Dream doesn’t think he ever wants to stop.

“I can take more,” George moans, “Hurry up.”

“Impatient,” Dream tuts, obliging anyway. It’s too hasty, but George seems to like it like that, focused on how good Dream will feel inside of him rather than on the pain it could bring with it.

Dream’s cock throbs when he sees a third finger touch George’s rim, and he can’t stop himself from teasing his entrance, dipping in and out as George gasps out with a mix of pain and pleasure. He doesn’t press in immediately, watching the muscles of George’s thighs shake and flex as they try to predict what’s going to happen, and he relaxes after a moment, giving Dream the perfect opportunity to push all three fingers in at once.

The angle isn’t perfect for his wrist, but Dream keeps it up anyway. Trying not to hurt the other, he keeps his initial movements slow, grey caution lining his every thrust and when George finally adjusts, he curls his fingers again, getting him ready for his cock.

Feverous agitation makes George’s hips move, and Dream doesn’t stop him, finding the sight of his fingers being swallowed by the tight heat too perfect to look away from. His cock bobs against his stomach, pre-cum leaking from the tip, and he wants to fuck George so badly, wants to watch the other’s face as he tries to take him all the way. He hadn’t been able to last time.

“Fuck,” George groans, pushing his hips back even further, “Dream, ‘m ready.”

“You sure?” Dream questions, crooking his fingers in the other’s body.

Grumbles of confirmation flood from the other’s mouth, sex dripping from his tone, and the knowledge of just how much George wants this makes Dream’s whole body faint. He wraps a hand around his cock, jerking himself slowly as he pulls his fingers out.

“Flip over,” Dream instructs, the way that George stills making tension rise in his shoulder blades.

“Really?”

Dream nods, realising that George can’t see him a second too late. “Yeah.”

The speed in which George rolls onto his back is unmatched, fast and eager and his willingness makes Dream smile. There's a moment where Dream's breath seems to run from him, his lungs inflating but nothing coming out, and it might be because of how content George looks with his legs spread and under him, or the pretty blush that covers his features.

"Hi," George giggles, hands coming up to cover his chest.

"Hi."

Neither of them move, both too transfixed on the other's features, and it's only when he feels a hand brushing over his cock, that Dream realises what's going on.

"Fuck, so big," George mumbles, jerking Dream's cock slowly, "Can't wait to have it in me."

Dream tries not to rut into the touch, groaning softly and having to bat George's hand away when it gets too much. "Yeah?" he asks, "You want me to fuck you?"

"Please." George's legs move to wrap around Dream's waist, making their cocks touch and press together. "Fuck me hard, like last time, you felt so good Dream."

It makes Dream groan, ego rising and cock throbbing. Cold lube is dropped onto the hand that wraps around his cock, and Dream's eyes dart over to where George's dick is pressed flush against his stomach, the tip red and angry with frustration.

Holding the base, Dream lines himself up with George's hole, the head catching at the entrance and rubbing over his pink rim. His hole twitches, trying to clench down around Dream's cock. It's erotic, dirty and makes Dream groan, with blond hair falling down in front of his eyes as he watches himself start to sink in.

Everything about George feels hot, walls tight around Dream's cock as he starts to push in, and it's an immediate relief to feel the heat around his cock, so it forces out a sudden breath. After a few seconds, Dream finally bottoms out, resting fully in George's body with his hands on a pink stained waist.

"So good," George gasps out, squeezing his eyes shut, "You feel so good."

His leg gets hiked up so it's almost resting on Dream's shoulder, the other still resting precariously on Dream's hip and it changes the angle so George's jaw drops even further. Dream doesn't know how long he can wait, trying not to hurt George in any way but his own selfish needs creep up on him until not moving becomes painful.

He's about to snap, ready to break into thousands of glass shards when George's hands grip onto his forearms, pulling him down and forcing his cock in even deeper.

"Move," George whimpers, "I need it."

It takes all of Dream's strength not to start fucking into him immediately. He pulls out slowly, the drag making his fingers twitch against porcelain skin. Moaning, George tips his head back, dark hair messy and out of place on Dream's pillow, but it's a symbol of their lust that Dream can't bring himself to fix.

The head of his cock rests inside of George, keeping them fused even when their hips aren't flush together, and Dream doesn't know whether or not he should fuck him the way he secretly wants to, or he should keep up his kind intentions, use gentle thrusts until he's crying and making a mess on his stomach.

“Hey,” George whispers, catching Dream’s attention, “Stop thinking and just move.”

It’s all orange, lilac skies meeting muted blues, and it’s enough to make Dream’s self control dissipate and fade into nothingness. His jaw goes slack, a low groan escaping his lips when he thrusts forward into George’s pliant body.

The first few thrusts are slow, enough to make George shriek but not enough to make him writhe around in the way that Dream loves and at first they move in sync, Dream’s shallow thrusts keeping them close, but after a while, George’s back arches, sounds getting higher in pitch.

“How hard do you want it?” Dream grunts.

A needy whine slips from George’s throat. “I don’t care,” he grumbles, “Just *fuck me*. ”

It’s like a gear changes in Dream’s brain, his thrusts becoming reckless and laced with red ferocity. His arousal is evident in the way that he fucks deeper after every motion, and the sound of skin slapping against skin bounces off the walls in the room and resonates in his ears.

George’s noises only get louder, hands trying to grab onto anything they can, and his breath hitches as muscles give way to allow Dream to mould him in whichever shape he choses.

“Holy shit,” George moans, “*Fuck* , oh my god.”

He’s vocal, loud enough for Dream to form a proper understanding of how good the other man feels being wrapped around his cock. Fire rises low in his stomach making his cock twitch inside of George’s body, and he feels so good, nerves burning and mouth hanging open.

“So tight,” he groans, not stopping his movements.

Beneath him, George squirms, helpless desperation getting stronger with every move. Fucking George like this is amazing, and the only thing that could make it better would be to see the other man spill the tears of pleasure that Dream so urgently needs to see.

He wants this to last, Dream wants to make George see stars, and for a while he had thought he’d never see George’s mouth open in a wanton moan but now he has and he never wants to go back. Repositioning his hips, Dream moves to try and search for George’s prostate, and it’s less based on the memories from earlier and more something of need.

A particularly deep thrust makes George keen, chanting “*Clay, oh my god*, ” as he does so. And it tells Dream everything he needs to know.

“There?” he taunts, forcing his cock against the same spot in George’s body and watching intently as his hands shake. His thrusts aren’t calculated anymore, they’re animalistic and brutal and chasing his own pleasure while trying to give George the same kind.

“Yes,” George chokes out, “Yes, *please* , right there.”

Control slips from his grasp when George clenches down around him, making his orgasm get even closer until it’s dangling in front of him, just out of reach. He feels so tight, Dream’s cock throbbing and it’s a struggle not to tip over the edge right then but Dream holds back.

“Close,” Dream breathes, trying not to feel too embarrassed about how quick he loses it all, “Tell me you are too, George please tell me you are.”

“M’close,” George nods. His bottom lip gets dragged through his teeth, not biting down hard

enough to draw blood, but it doesn't help how red and raw his lips already look, "Touch me."

Without hesitating, Dream wraps a palm around George's cock, ripping a silent scream from his body. His back arches impossibly, hips bucking up into Dream's grip. The head of his cock is red, angry and aching and Dream is sure that if he could see his own state then there'd be no way that he'd be any better off.

Dropping his head down, Dream's eyes widen when he sees himself disappearing into George's body. He's being taken so perfectly, George never complaining and moaning instead when he feels Dream tease him before driving his hips back into his prostate.

Almost as an act of defiance, George clenches down around Dream's cock, the newfound pressure enough to make him stop functioning. He's so close, painfully so, and he knows that he can't hold his orgasm back for long but it doesn't stop him from trying.

With glassy eyes, George writhes around, his hands settled in the sheets and his head tipped back. The leg that he has around his waist tightens, dragging Dream further inside of him with a soft whimper.

The noise makes Dream weak, because George is enjoying this, George, the only man he ever wants to please, is enjoying this just as much as Dream. It tips him over the edge, Dream's arms shake and his eyes close dramatically.

"*George!*" he moans, still fucking into the other's body. Heat spreads through his body like wildfire, orgasm making him drowsy as his mind goes blank and fills with white pleasure. It's dizzying, perfect, and George gets tighter at the same time, milking his cock for everything it's worth.

He spills deep into George's body, filling him with cum and marking him as his own, and barely seconds later, George is whining even louder and spilling over his hand.

"*Clay!*" he gasps, "Oh my god, *fuck.*"

Body going limp, George's cock spurts over Dream's hand, cum falling onto his fingers and painting them white, some reaching his chest too and settling over his stomach.

Dream's hips stutter as he uses the rest of his strength to fuck George through his orgasm, and he wipes the rest of George's cum onto his skin, feeling bliss concentrate behind his eyelids. "God," he breathes, riding out his high. It doesn't take long for the sensation to become too much, making Dream shudder as he pulls out slowly and exhales before collapsing.

Dream's back hits the bed with a thud, breath coming out jagged and broken as he tries to recover.

"Fuck," he mutters, letting his eyes fall shut. Beside him, George has lifted a hand to his head, rubbing his eyes with his forearm to try and not let exhaustion overcome him completely.

He half expects George to not say anything, to be too concerned about whether or not Dream's mood has already switched so he's back to being the disgustingly irritable person he had been at the start of the day, but George never manages to surprise him, flipping onto his side and asking, "Now what?"

Even if he doesn't sound nervous, there's an element in his tone that still manages to come across as feeble, as though there's something hidden there that he's trying not to show fully. And his face is stony, slight hesitance threaded through his expression.

“Do you want me to leave?” he asks.

Turning his head to face him, Dream raises a brow, “Do you have a car?”

George frowns, “No.”

“Well I’m not driving you back,” Dream says — it’s a silent invitation, perhaps not a very good one, but it serves its purpose, with George giving a little smile in acceptance and letting his head fall fully against the pillow.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

They don’t cuddle, they don’t even get that close, but it’s still something; around ten minutes later George asks for the directions to the bathroom, scoops his clothes up into his hands and asks if he can have something to sleep in, and Dream throws him an old shirt, lets him wear something that’s been in his closet since college.

With tired motions, Dream gets up too. Without asking, he takes George’s own clothes from him, makes sure to get his pants in the dryer while George showers, and he curls up on his own couch, a pair of boxers and a hoodie on his clean body while Patches sits on his lap.

For some reason, he still doesn’t know if it’s the right time to talk about it. Even with George still upstairs and lounging around his house, he might not be ready. Because George has feelings too, and Dream can’t just string him along for as long as he likes.

Sleep courses through his bones, Patches purring quietly and nuzzling against his chest, and a soft smile finds itself on his lips when he watches her stretch out before getting comfortable. There’s no chance he’ll be able to keep his eyes open for much longer, and behind him he can hear the click of his door as it slides either open or closed — he doesn’t check to see which.

His hand stops moving after a while, fingers resting on soft fur as his eyes start to close. Sleep courses through his bones, making it hard for Dream to even think about going back up to check on George. He’ll be fine though, George is lying in his bed and they’ve talked enough for now, so nothing stops Dream from letting his head fall to the side and allowing the tiredness he’d been trying to push down to take its place on his body.

It’s still raining when he falls asleep.

~

When Dream wakes up it’s bright outside.

The blinds hadn’t been put down the night before and light shines in glaring strips, shining spots onto Dream’s face and making him squint as he rubs the sleep out of his eyes.

*What time is it?* Dream can’t help but wonder. *Why the fuck isn’t he in bed?*

“Good morning,” George chirps, high pitched and giggly and it throws Dream for a loop before he figures out his surroundings.

Over by the stove, George stands smiling, Patches curled up on the windowsill opposite and from what Dream can tell, George is still wearing his clothes, the same shirt he slept in alongside a pair of Dream’s too loose underwear adorning his legs.

He looks good in Dream's clothes, Dream decides, and he can't find it in himself to complain about how George definitely ransacked his cupboards and went through all of his food because the other looks too cute for him to find a single coherent thought.

"I made you breakfast," George says, fingers hovering over a half full plate. His eyes twinkle, uncertainty ghosting over an innocent expression, "You'd have time to shower before it's fully ready."

"Breakfast?" Dream asks.

"Yeah." George offers a small smile, bringing bare arms up to wrap around his own chest, "You let me stay the night, it's the least I could do."

Oh.

Hesitantly, Dream sits up further, trying to shake his leg awake as he does so. George doesn't seem to be mad at all, in fact it's almost as though any previous anger he had towards Dream has disappeared completely — and it's a relief that the other doesn't seem to feel any regrets, it makes him smile.

"Thank you," Dream mumbles, he's unsure of whether George even hears it until he sees the muted red flush that spreads over the others cheeks.

"You're welcome."

It's mostly silence, but it's comfortable.

Dream accepts his plate graciously, crossing his legs and tucking his feet up behind his knees to let George sit down next to him.

Clothes get thrown at one another, George insisting he can't wear his shirt from the day before when Dream suggests it and demanding to search through Dream's closet to try and find a better one (and Dream may or may not have given in far too easily).

And on top of that, Dream is the one that ends up doing the washing up.

"But you're the one that made the mess in the first place," Dream complains, trying to earn a few sympathy points by putting on a forlorn expression and a pout.

"I don't care," George grins, "You're still making it up to me; go clean."

In the end, he does it without complaint, watching George button up his shirt with one hand while attempting to brush through his hair with the other. They need to be out of the house in minutes, George wearing half of the clothes he'd brought with him and half of Dream's, and Dream can't help but admire how good he looks, the realisation of how he'd been denying himself of this scenario for eons just because of his own pride that idles at the back of his mind.

There are no real arguments either.

Sure, Dream's nose may scrunch up when he notices how awake George is even without any caffeine, or when he sees how good his hair looks despite not having brushed it or attempted to fix himself up in a mirror, but his stomach doesn't twist up in green ropes of jealousy anymore.

Some of their words are strained, unsurety behind every sentence, but George makes sure to stop it from ever getting awkward, spotting little signals and avoiding them cautiously.



They climb into the car together, thanking the gods that the rain has stopped. George sits in the passenger seat and keeps his hands on his lap, no hickeys on his neck and no real evidence that they had done anything at all, and usually it'd make Dream twitch, a possessive streak coursing through his body, but he knows it's for the best. He'd rather not deal with prying eyes today.

Music plays throughout the ride, keeping him too out of his thoughts to over analyse anything properly. And it's still early, but Dream had insisted on getting there far before any of the students. Before they can reach the building, Dream pulls to the side, watching George's eyebrows furrow.

"You should probably get out here," Dream suggests, staring at his hands, "In case anybody gets the wrong idea."

"The wrong idea?" George asks.

But Dream is quick to correct himself, "No, I mean like, we're coworkers, we could get, like, *fired*."

"I know," George smiles, rolling his eyes mockingly, "I still can't believe you're making me walk all that way."

"Do you think you'll need a ride again tonight?" Dream asks, watching George lean over into the backseat to grab his camera and his bags.

"I'll be fine." He clicks off his seatbelt, opening the door with his spare hand. "Just don't go back to ignoring me."

Without giving Dream the chance to react, George hops out, closing the door behind him and starting to walk along the street. His bag is slung over his shoulder, camera in the back, and it takes a deep breath for Dream to figure out what he's meant to be thinking.

George's words leave black fingerprints against his heart, something painful scraping against his skin as he watches the other man walk from the window. He won't go back to ignoring George, he promises both himself and the other man that he won't let himself be that selfish again.

And despite how much George tells him it isn't necessary, Dream will do his best to make it up to him.

~

The day hasn't been kind to Dream.

All of the perfectly printed posters he had the day before are ruined, crumpled and stained with water spots until there's no possible way to have them restored. The only thing he can do is make new ones. And his first class starts late into the day, students having come in early to ask about when they could start auditioning for the play before Dream had even managed to get new copies.

So it's not a stretch to say he's already at the end of his tether, angry and pissed off and far too wound up for the beginning of the day.

And to make things worse, the printer in the art room sucks.

It's advanced, the best of the best, with buttons down the side and a screen on the top that he has to press a password into to get it to work. Realistically, it should be easy to use, but the anger in his hands makes it harder than it needs to be.

“Fuck this,” Dream barks out, hitting the side of the machine with his hand, “Stupid fucking printer.”

It’s hard enough to make the machine shake but not hard enough to break it, and he considers using all of his weight to throw it to the side, make it shatter into a million pieces that’ll hurt to try and stitch back together. Hot, red fury surges through his body enough to make his grip on the sides of the printer hurt as the edges cut into his fingers.

He’s not going to break it. He won’t.

But it’s tempting.

“Fuck you,” Dream mutters, kicking the machine and wincing at the sting. 10 copies, that’s all he’s asking for, but apparently that’s too much. He swears under his breath, glancing over at the computer screen that displays the design he had gotten specially made by one of the art students and frowns.

George will probably know how to work the machine. Dream has to force down any feeling of jealousy that comes with the thought.

Taking a deep breath, Dream steps back, closing his eyes to try and regain his control. Someone will know how to work the printer, there’s no need to get so worked up about it. He leaves the room slowly, keeping his head low as he walks down the corridor to try and find a room with another teacher in it, and the loud chatter that echoes through one of the doors signals that he won’t have to look for long.

Through the glass pane of the door, Dream can see a class in motion, George sitting cross legged on his desk as he holds up his camera to demonstrate what they need to do, and the sight brings a smile to Dream’s face. Hesitance stings his palm, and he waits for half a second before pushing it open to draw George’s attention to him.

“Hey,” Dream mumbles, trying not to make eye contact with any of the students no matter how hard they stare at him. George looks up from his place sitting on top of his desk, the camera in his hands being switched off when he realises that he’s being called, and Dream takes a deep breath, trying not to sound too embarrassed when he says, “I can’t figure out how to use your printer.”

“You just have to flick the switch on the side and select your settings, it’s pretty simple.” George smiles with every word, not seeming to understand how stupidly difficult this is for Dream to admit.

“I tried that.”

Raising his eyebrows, George sets his camera down next to him, swinging his legs down so his feet can scrape against the floor. “Well do you need me to help you?”

“Yeah,” Dream mutters. “Please.”

He watches George tell everyone to continue with their project while he slips back through the door, waiting for the other teacher to join him by his side, and Dream had honestly expected it to be harder than it was — nobody had laughed at him when he’d asked for help, or hid a smirk when he’d come through the door with obvious frustration on his face.

“Don’t even try it,” George scowls, once he’s out of the room and walking along the hallway with Dream close behind his heels. “As if you don’t know how to use a printer.”

"I don't," Dream exclaims, scandalised. *Why would George even think that?*

"It's a shit excuse to pull me into a closet," George says with a light raise of his eyebrows. He bumps against Dream's side, expecting him to blush and shove him back with the same playful attitude, but Dream puts a smirk on his face, and places one hand on the small of George's back.

"You came anyway,"

"I guess I did."

Rolling his eyes, George grabs onto Dream's tie, tugging him down into a short kiss that he's too startled to say anything about.

"We're in the hallway!" Dream exclaims after a second, staring down at red lips with stunned eyes. His anger can't even sound convincing to himself, especially since he's inching closer and closer to George with every passing second.

"Get over it," George chuckles, continuing to walk until he's made his way into the printing room. "Now what do you need help with?"

Glancing at the machine, Dream shrugs. "I can't turn it on."

George raises his eyebrows, cocking his head to one side and resting a hand on the top of the printer. "As if."

"I can't," he whines, "Help me."

Huffing, George spins on his heel, a badly concealed smile on his face as he flicks through the printer's settings and gets things ready.

"There," he says eventually, "You can figure the rest out for yourself."

Hands move to play with the end of Dream's tie, pulling the material down then flattening it against his chest. "Thank you," Dream smiles. He's trying not to let the proximity get to him, failing miserably when the corners of George's lips curl up into a smile and his eyes crinkle with fondness.

"Of course," George steps back, fingers curling around the doorframe before he steps out again. "If you have any more problems I'll come help, all you have to do is ask."

And Dream may not need the help but his heart still stays alight for the rest of the day.

~

George always seems to find him in the least dignifying positions.

He's sitting on the stage floor, helping some of the students set up the auditorium for the production, and his fingers can't seem to figure out how to make the decorations for the balcony. He had offered to take it off the students hands, make their lives a little easier so they can go help people in the back make changes to their costumes, but all it had really done was make Dream's life a lot harder.

There's a knock on the door, three quick taps that make Dream's head shoot up and a smile to form on his lips.

"Do you mind if I come in?" George asks, hovering by the door. He shakes the camera in his

hands. "I want a few photos of everyone in costume."

A groan echoes throughout the room, mumbles of how ridiculous everyone looks landing upon Dream's ears but he's not listening.

"Not at all."

George flashes him a toothy grin, bringing his camera up to his eye then snapping a quick picture of Dream before he can even react. Amused anger flickers over Dream's face, and he watches as George waves to a few of the students as he walks into the room and towards the other teacher.

"This is so fucking hard," Dream groans once George is within close range, "I didn't think that set designing would actually be this difficult."

"Don't use that language around the students," George tuts, pushing things to the side with his foot to try and make room for himself. He keeps his camera in his hands, not wanting to place it down while he settles on the ground next to Dream.

"They all know I swear." Dream rolls his eyes, passing George a hot glue gun.

"Yeah," George frowns, barely managing to keep the smile off of his face. He takes the glue off of Dream and rests his camera down onto the floor next to him. "That's why they all think you're the *cool* teacher."

Dream rolls his eyes, "Shut up and help me build this balcony, or get the fuck out."

Laughing softly, George brushes a stray piece of hair up and out of his eyes, with Dream's loveshot eyes following his fingers as they go. Knees bump together when they both try to set the makeshift balcony up in a good position for them to get it together.

It's the only real prop the class wanted, a nice piece that could sit centre stage while the student playing Juliet speaks their lines towards an audience, and Dream would be lying if he said that he wasn't having a slight bit of fun while making it, no matter how agitated he's getting.

"This is awful," George mutters, picking up Dream's handiwork with caution, "A toddler could have made a better start than this."

Unsurprisingly, Dream's chest rises in slight offence, an urge to lash out and grab the woodwork from George's hands rising. But, despite himself, he just pouts, not letting harsh fiery words spew from his mouth and instead taking a glance at the pathetic excuse for a balcony.

"It is pretty bad," he admits, and the way George giggles makes the slight annoyance dissipate, "But it's not as though you could do any better."

"Oh yeah?" George scoffs. He grabs one of the wooden panels from the ground, a hammer finding its way into his left hand. "You're on."

~

Dream has always had problems when it comes to jealousy. It's much easier to admit to himself once he's already said it to another person. And George picks up on how to handle it far too quickly. He stays by Dream's side when they're both wound up and frustrated with seemingly endless projects, and he forces Dream to stop looking at everything so two dimensionally.

But Dream can't give him all of the credit. It's him for the most part, his own drive to change for

the better that means that he's able to come up with gold star ideas and stop breaking the things he cares about the most. George is a nice presence in his house too; his shoes sit next to Dream's, blocking the entrance to the door, and a spare toothbrush has found its way into Dream's pot.

So it's only fitting that George spends opening night by Dream's side.

"Is everybody ready?" Dream asks frantically, staring at his main actors with wide, frazzled eyes.

A chorus of hushed confirmations flood through the air, students in full costume crowding together with nervous looks on their faces. They'll all do great, Dream knows it, they've practiced for this, they've gone through every line over and over again. He believes in them and they know he's not blindly putting his trust in them, they want to succeed just as much.

"What if I freeze up?" Winter asks, clad in long sewn pants and a breezy shirt, "Or I forget my lines, then what?"

"You won't," Dream reassures, "But George and I will be standing by the side so just look to us if you need guidance okay? You're all going to do great."

Next to him, George hums, gesturing over to the clock on the wall that's so close to ticking to the next hour, and it makes Dream startle, waving over to Laney who stands over by the lights with a few others to signal for them to dim the white lights that shine on the college stage.

Parents and teachers and guests that had originally been talking simmer, leaving the auditorium in a suspenseful silence. Dream watches, shoulders tense, as everyone dashes to get to where they're supposed to be, panic stricken yet excited, and he has to take a deep breath to stop cyan embers from falling from his fingertips.

"I'm proud of you," George whispers, trying not to be heard. Subtle fingers lace with Dreams as they stand towards the side of the stage, just out of the way of everyone else but still close enough to watch. Their arms are littered with pen marks, notes and little messages adorning pale wrists.

It's all sweet like honey, George smiling and squeezing Dream's hand a little tighter as the stage lights fade from dark reds into a blinding white and the first act begins. It's being a part of something bigger, not just trying to be the star of the show, this is something they worked on together. And Dream doesn't mind having to share the spotlight as long as it's with George.

So sure, sometimes Dream can be a jealous person — but maybe that's not a bad thing — it got him a boyfriend, didn't it?

## Chapter End Notes

comments/kudos are greatly appreciated, we worked on this for a while so I hope you guys enjoyed !!

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